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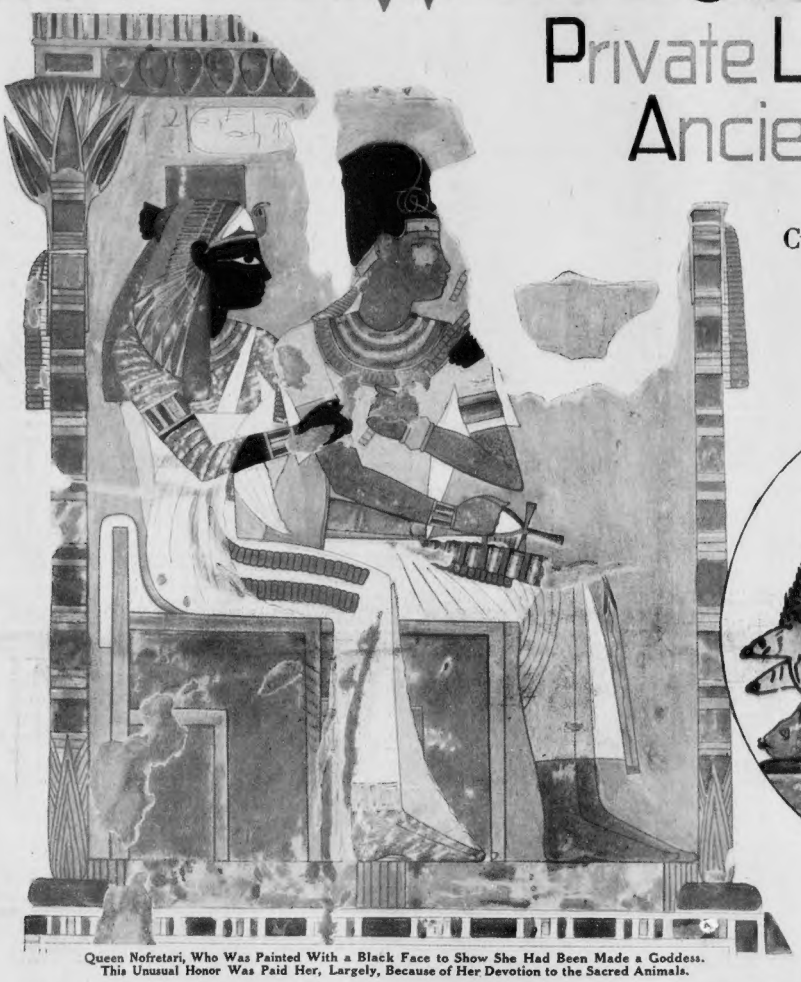
Sunday, May 17, 1931

Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians

Curious and Interesting Customs Revealed by Remarkable Tomb Paintings



Queen Nofretari, Who Was Painted With a Black Face to Show She Had Been Made a Goddess. This Unusual Honor Was Paid Her, Largely, Because of Her Devotion to the Sacred Animals.

A Realistic Painting of a Cat Eating a Fish. Cats Were Revered Throughout Egypt. Certain Kinds of Fish Were Caught for Them, and When One Died the Family That Owned It Were Compelled to Shave Off Their Eyebrows.

Illustrations Reproduced From the Robb de Peyster Tytus Memorial Series by Permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

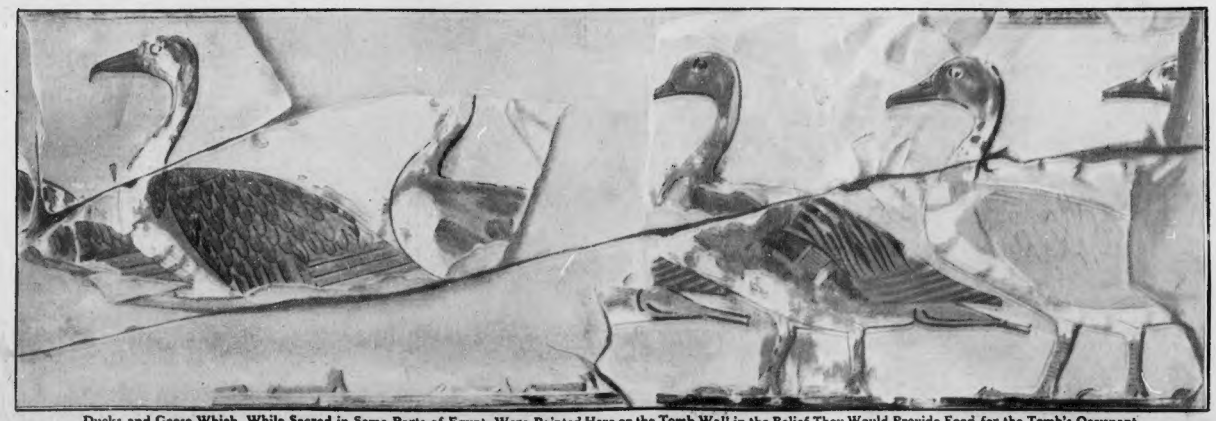
2—How They Worshipped Their Animals.

FOR a long time Egyptologists were puzzled by the fact that old Queen Nofretari, wife of the Pharaoh Ahmosis I, was pictured in her tomb with a black face. It was thought that she might have been the daughter of an Ethiopian or Nubian King whom Ahmosis married to cement his alliance with the Ethiopians. Ahmosis was probably the Pharaoh who began the oppression of the Israelites, as told in the Bible.

It now appears that Nofretari was given her black face because after death she was raised to the status of a divinity. Actually, her complexion was a pleasing olive. The principal reason the Egyptian priesthood made her a goddess was the conspicuous example she set her subjects in revering the sacred animals, some of them regarded divine in themselves, while others were emblems of the gods. Certain of the Egyptian goddesses were always portrayed with blue or black faces. When Nofretari was painted black it was the highest honor that could be given her.

Upon this page is reproduced a tomb painting of the Queen sitting beside her husband. It is from a remarkable series of books recently published by the

(Continued on Page 2)



Ducks and Geese Which, While Sacred in Some Parts of Egypt, Were Painted Here on the Tomb Wall in the Belief They Would Provide Food for the Tomb's Occupant.

Studies in Miniature of Our Ancestors and Their Homes 14,000 Years Ago

ONE OF the most unusual workshops in the world is doing a flourishing business in Cambridge, Mass., just around the corner from the campus of Harvard University. In its cluttered interior sit two men who would appear to the uninformed visitor to be doing little to bring back prosperity. They have turned out only six of the products they make in many months of seemingly indolent activity.

These men are S. J. Guernsey of Harvard University, and Theodore B. Pitman. They are anthropologists, and the products of their little shop are reproductions in miniature of our caveman ancestors who lived in France some 14,000 years ago.

Their market, strange as it may seem, is an active one, for museums all over the world want to acquire these supposedly accurate representations of human beings and their activities centuries before the dawn of written history.

The sculptor-scientists do not have to guess what prehistoric man looked like, or draw on their imaginations for the details of his domestic setting. They have accurate information with which to work, chief among which is Harvard University's famous model of an actual skull of a Cro-Magnon man, found in a rock shelter in France several years ago.

The Representation in Miniature of a Primitive Man's Cave Dwelling, Made by Theodore B. Pitman and S. J. Guernsey. A Prehistoric Artist Is Seen Decorating the Walls of the Crude Habitation.

Cro-Magnon Man as Conceived by Science. The Figure Represents One of Our Ancestors of 14,000 Years Ago Returning to His Cave After the Day's Hunt With the Carcass of an Ibex.

Painstaking measurements of prehistoric skeletons, both of men and animals, have been taken. Photographs and drawings of the caves in which our Cro-Magnon ancestors lived have been made to assist the scientists. They work out their tiny tableaux of life as it was lived 140 centuries ago to exact scale. It is slow work and they have done well to make six sculptured scenes of primitive life in the months that they have been giving all their time to the enterprise.

The photographs above show three of the small sculptures of our primitive ancestors—a Cro-Magnon hunter bringing home an ibex which he has killed with his club, a woman of the prehistoric days making fire by rubbing two sticks together, and another male of the ancient race clutching his hunting club.

The other picture shows one of the scientists arranging the tiny figures inside an exact miniature reproduction of a Cro-Magnon cave dwelling in France. An interesting detail of this scene is the figure of a prehistoric artist decorating the wall of his crude home.

Eventually the anthropologists hope to make a series of tableaux depicting every phase of prehistoric life on both the eastern and western hemispheres.

Scientists who have seen the completed miniatures describe them as being as accurate as they are dramatic. The average person, they say, can learn more about the background of the human race from a ten-minute study of one of these models than he could in a week of book-reading.

To these men, who are familiar with the appearance of Cro-Magnon Man through careful study of his skull and certain of his bones, the tiny figures in the tableaux are amazingly true to type. And the cave settings are strikingly accurate, even to the crude paintings of animals on the rocky walls.

The Caveman's Wife Did Her Housework With Crude Utensils and Made Fire, as Shown, by Rubbing Two Sticks Together.

The Cro-Magnon Man With His Hunting Club. The Head of the Man Is Modeled From an Actual Skull Found in the Vezere Valley.

Private Lives of the Ancient Egyptians—How They Worshipped Their Dead

(Continued from First Page)

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, containing reproductions of wall paintings in important tombs at Thebes, Egypt, the study of which has enabled Egyptologists to reconstruct the day by day life of the ancient Egyptians, and to trace many modern customs to their dim beginnings upon the Nile.

The reproductions of the tomb paintings are faithful copies made by Nina de Garis Davies and H. R. Hopgood.

The expensive books are a memorial by Mrs. Charlotte de Peyster Tytus, of Asheville, N. C., to her son Robb, who died at Thebes while studying the tombs.

Husbands who complain that their wives lavish too much affection and time upon their cats should be thankful that they did not live in old Egypt. When a cat died in any household, the entire family were compelled to shave their eyebrows as a sign of mourning. All the food in the house at the time was considered sacred, and could not be eaten.

This could, of course, be averted by refusing to keep a cat, but maintaining one was a religious duty difficult to shirk. Cats naturally increase rapidly, and the penalty for intentionally killing a cat was death.

Even if a cat was killed unintentionally, the killer ran the risk of being torn to pieces by a mob, or had a difficult time convincing the priests he had not meant to do it. When a man found a cat lying dead, he stood at a distance, calling out with a loud voice, wailing and weeping and protesting that he had found it lifeless and had not been in any way the cause of its death. He was lucky if he was believed.

Of course, the overflow of the cats had to be taken care of in some manner, so there were temples in which hundreds of cats lived, fed by worshippers and maintained by donations and taxes. Queen Nofretari, the tomb texts indicate, endowed a number of cat sanctuaries and must have had little chance to let her eyebrows grow.

But cats were not the only sacred animals old Queen Nofretari had to bother about. There were dozens of different kinds of beasts, birds, snakes and even insects which were holy.

The dog was highly revered at Thebes, being identified with the god Anubis, who had the head of a jackal and guided the souls of the dead to the great God Osiris. When a man of today says he leads a "dog's life," he means the reverse of the life a dog led in ancient Egypt. He was fed with the best in the house, and mourned devoutly at death. When their dog died the whole family shaved their heads and entire bodies. As in the case of the death of a cat, the food in the house could not be eaten.

In times of famine when many resorted to cannibalism, no one dared to eat the flesh of cat or dog even to avoid starvation.

There was, however, one curious way in which the surplus of sacred animals was wiped out now and then. In times of drought, pestilence or any other calamity, the animals were thought to be to blame in having allowed such conditions to come about. The priests would select a great number of these beasts, take them in silence and secrecy to a dark place in the Temples; first reason with them, then try to terrify them with threats, and afterwards, if the adverse conditions continued, formally condemn them to death, and slaughter them. After the plagues of Moses there must have been few sacred animals of any sort left in Egypt.

Queen Nofretari also worshipped the ibis, the long-billed bird which was the symbol of Thoth, the God of Wisdom. And in common with other Egyptian monarchs, she appointed regiments of men and women whose sole work was the care and feeding of the sacred animals of every kind. It was a highly honorable position, and often descended from father to son, and mother to daughter, as a family privilege. These people wore a special badge indicating precisely which animals were under their charge, and to some of them the common people had to prostrate themselves as they passed by.

When parents went to the temples to beseech the gods to help a sick child they offered up prayers and then cut half or all the hair from the head of the child. This was placed on one pan of a balance and money in the other until the money overweighed the hair. The money went to buy food for whatever animal was sacred to the especial god prayed to. Taxes were levied in every district for the support of the animals, and there were heavy penalties for non-payment.

One of the newest developments in modern beauty-parlors are shops where dogs and cats have their hair marcelled and curled. The servants of the sacred animals did that in Egypt at least forty centuries ago. Warm baths were prepared for them, and they were anointed with the choicest unguents, and perfumed with the rarest, most expensive perfumes. One ancient authority says that they were given only the finest rugs and carpets to rest on, that their deaths meant greater grief than that of a child, and that in some instances the cost of their funerals was fantastic.

There is one record of the cost of such funerals. During the reign of the Pharaoh Ptolemy Lagus, 323 B.C., Apis, the sacred bull of Heliopolis died. He is familiar to students of the Bible because it was Apis whom the Israelites worshipped in the wilderness in the shape of the Golden Calf. When this particular bull died, the official whose duty it was to look after its funeral, found the funds he had on hand insufficient, so he borrowed fifty gold talents to pay for embalming and entombing Apis in the proper style.

Fifty gold talents were equivalent to $1,632,000.

It is difficult to understand today how so much money could have been spent. But the embalming of the bull carcass was done with the most expensive spices, and there came an army of hired mourners, the elaborate ceremonies and, finally, a rich tome. The sacred bull apparently required almost as expensive a funeral as a Pharaoh.

Geese were sacred in some cities. And so they were in Rome, later. The Egyptians conceived the Earth god, Sibu, as a colossal gander, whose mate once laid the Egg of the Sun—and still did every day. When she had finished, Sibu congratulated her with loud cacklings, thus announcing the good news to the world. Because of this, he was called Ngagwoiru, or "Great Cackler."

Hawks were sacred to Horus, the divine son of Osiris and the Goddess Isis, and could not be killed. Their priests knew how to call them down from the skies, and they were fed daily with chopped meat although the people might be starving.

The curious ape known as Cynocephalus was sacred in both Thebes and Hermopolis. The Green Monkey of Ethiopia (Cercopithecus) was worshipped also in Thebes. The bear and the weasel, and wolf and fox were sacred.

Even some species of fish were considered holy, and it was a crime to eat them in the districts which revered them. The fish called the Oxyrhncus was so holy that several embalmed specimens have been found at Thebes. The Scarabeus beetle was considered divine. It was sacred to Ra, the Sun-god. An Egyptian Pharaoh once lost a battle because the priests saw two of these beetles working in the path the army must take, and made the army halt until the beetles had passed safely out of the way.

Few are aware of it, but the Egyptians went so far as to connect even vegetables and plants with religion. Onions have been found inset in the orbits of the eyes of mummies, and while onions, garlic and leeks were eaten generally, no priest dared eat them, although no one knows the reason. Many of the beliefs today in country districts about the medicinal and magical value of certain herbs, flowers and fruits come straight down from ancient Egypt.

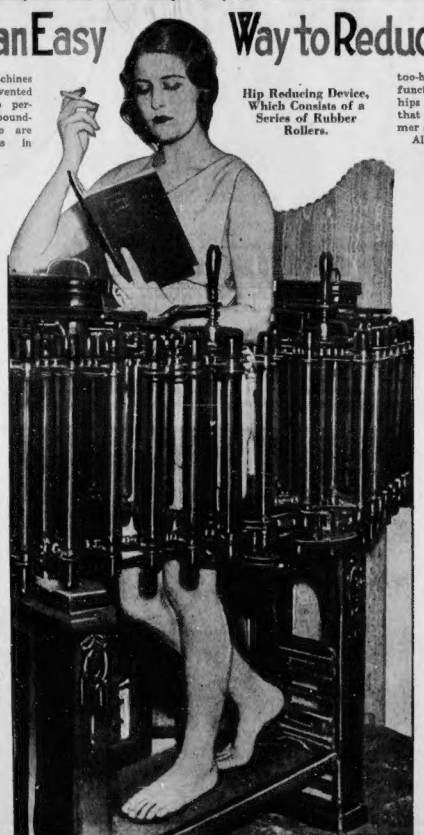
Many explanations of the widespread worship of animals have been suggested. None of them quite satisfy all Egyptologists. Its origin is one of the mysteries of civilization's dawn, and will probably never be fully known. Certainly, it was of immemorial antiquity. In all probability it began thousands of years before civilization itself did.

The popular legend was that in the earliest ages of the earth the gods were weaker than men. Fearing man's barbarity, they took the forms of animals. When at last they had attained supremacy, they decreed, as a reward to the animals whose shapes they had taken, that mankind should honor them both alive and dead.

Apparently no god or goddess ever took the shape of a horse, hyena or camel, for these animals were not revered anywhere in Egypt.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Is This an Easy Way to Reduce Hips?



Hip Reducing Device, Which Consists of a Series of Rubber Rollers.

MANY curious machines have been invented to help plump persons get rid of excess poundage. Some of these are steam-heated cabinets in which the "patients" sit while the sweat-producing vapor swirls about their Others are revolving frames in which the would-be reducer whirls and spins and is forced to go through a series of bodily maneuvers intended to have the benefits of voluntary gymnastics.

But there is no other reducing device quite like the one shown at the right. It is really a clever and ultra-modern glorification of the old-fashioned rolling pin. Just how efficient it is, remains to be demonstrated. It is said to be popular with that class of amply-padded individuals who cannot seem to interest themselves in plodding around a running track or lying on their backs to pedal an inverted and imaginary bicycle.

The machine is a specialized piece of equipment. It is not intended to shrink the circumference of a protuberant paunch, or to cause layers of fatty tissue to disappear from too-heavy thighs. Its only function is to roll about the hips and in its rolling make that part of the body slimmer and sightlier.

All the subject has to do is stand inside the battery of rubber rolling-pins. The power is turned on and the rollers start circling. Springs hold them against the body with a gentle or a firm pressure, as the individual case demands. The speed of the rollers' movement can be regulated by a special switch over which an attendant alertly presides.

In the case of sturdy persons of the type who like masseurs to get rough with them, the antihip machine becomes a veritable merry-go-round of vigorous activity. The rollers, pressing hard against the surplus flesh, weave in and out, never missing a bulge.

Less husky and adventurous souls who submit to the kneading of the rotary roller, get a gentler pressure and a slower speed during their reducing "exercises." The attendant stands with one hand on the controlling switch ready to cut down the speed of the rollers at the first squawk of the hippy one.

Where Slavery Still Thrives

IN the ancient city of Mecca is a flourishing slave market where males and females ranging in age from nine years to 50, are sold to the highest bidders.

This interesting fact recently was learned by an Englishman named Eldon Rutter, who gained entrance to this forbidden part of the capital of Northern and Central Arabia by disguising himself as a Bedouin.

"The slaves," says Rutter, "are mostly Africans, but here and there I saw a light brown skin which marked the owner as an Arabian. The girls are sold at prices ranging from $150 to $400, according to their youthfulness, beauty and efficiency in household duties. The male slaves bring slightly lower prices."

The female slaves, when they are young and good-looking, invariably are taken as concubines by admiring masters, and the older women are bought to perform domestic work. The males are acquired to work as laborers, servants, doorkeepers and grooms.

Tinted Cards in Gambling Fraud

IF ONE of a gang of several clever gamblers had not attempted to double-cross his confederates, it is likely that the members of the clique would have succeeded in breaking the bank at the baccarat tables in the world-famous Casino at Monte Carlo.

The swindlers, working with an employee of the Casino, procured several new packs of cards from the establishment's safe. Certain of the cards were painted on the back with an invisible chemical which could be seen only through colored glasses of a special kind. Some of the gang wore such glasses during play at the tables.

Night after night they won large sums of money from the bankers and it was not until they had cheated the Casino of more than $150,000 that a disgruntled member of the gang painted the cards with another chemical substance which his fellow crooks could not see through their colored glasses. Another player fought with him and police drove them from the city.

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Punished the Baroness by Clipping Her Glorious Hair

Entrapped by the Men Who Felt She Had Deceived Them, the Baroness Fainted and When She Returned to Consciousness She Found One of Them Bending Over Her and Rapidly Snipping Off Her Hair With a Large Pair of Shears While the Other Held Her Hands and Looked On With Malicious Satisfaction, She Declared.

Believing That Pretty Madame Duranti Was a Heartless Flirt Who Had Encouraged and Then Frozen Their Attentions, Two Admirers Entrap Her, Cut Her Tresses, and Are Then Punished by the Baron

ROME, May 5.

ALL Italy is shocked at the cruel and unusual vengeance wreaked by two disappointed lovers on the beautiful Baroness Margherita Duranti of Florence.

That is, the Baroness used to be beautiful and in time will be again, but just now even her devoted husband cannot bear to look upon the ruins of what he once considered the most beautiful head in Europe.

The Baron Duranti, besides being a wealthy man, is interested in motion pictures, and he often remains at the studio till late at night. But no matter how late it might be, his unbroken custom was to visit his wife's bedroom for a moment, turn on the light and admire her wealth of long, jet-black hair, lying in charming contrast to the white pillow.

Madame Duranti never objected to being thus awakened, because it was a tribute to her beauty and proof of her husband's enduring love. But one night recently, as he let himself into the front of the Duranti mansion in the Porta Pia section of the city, the Baron was confronted by an agitated servant, who begged him not to visit his wife that night because she had a dreadful headache.

"Ah, then, all the more I must see and comfort the Baroness. I will call a doctor," said the Baron, and, brushing aside the servant, he hastened to his wife's boudoir.

The beauty sat up in bed and greeted him with a cry of alarm. It was easy to see that she was far from a well woman. Her eyes were wide and wild-looking, like a mad woman's, and her nose was red from weeping. But what upset him most was that instead of the long, glossy tresses, which for his sake she had never bobbed and were always let down at night, he saw a silk handkerchief bound tightly around her head. He could not imagine how a handkerchief could possible be tied so tight. It made her head seem incredibly small and gave it a shrunken appearance, somewhat suggestive of the reduced figure of an Angora cat that had fallen into water.

The Baron's dismay at her changed appearance was reflected in his face, and seeing it the Baroness screamed hysterically at him to put out the light.

"Take that tight thing off," he commanded. "No wonder you have a headache."

But not until almost dawn did the unhappy woman consent to remove the handkerchief, and instead of the waves of silky hair that had been his delight, the Baron looked upon an almost bare skull, from which bristles of uneven length stuck out hideously.

All he could get from her then was that two jealous and disappointed lovers, without any excuse or encouragement on her part, had lured her to one of their bachelor apartments and committed this outrage upon her for revenge because she had not yielded to either of them.

The Baron decided to take the punishment into his own hands and when the fight was over and all three men had fallen into the hands of the Florentine police, the two lovers told a somewhat different story.

One is Ralph Dorper, an English movie picture actor, and the other Hamlet Baucci, an Italian scenario writer, both thirty years old and both employed in the Baron's moving picture studio. According to these two temperamental lovers, who are now in jail waiting to see what the courts will do to them for violently robbing a woman of her "crowning glory," both were fascinated the first time they met the beautiful wife of their employer.

The House Where the Baroness Duranti Was Lured to the Meeting Which Resulted in the Cropping of Her Hair.

Hamlet Baucci, Who Is Alleged to Have Helped in the Punishment of the Baroness.

This was natural and proper enough, so long as they worshipped her secretly and from a respectful distance. Both say this would have been done but Dorper, the English actor, soon began to bite his nails in jealousy because he saw that Baucci, the Italian man of letters, seemed to be winning the heart of the Baroness. It made him unhappy and he hated Baucci. Still she was not his wife and it was not surprising that if the lovely Margherita's affections must wander from the Baron, she would favor one of her own race.

The Englishman could not avoid seeing what was going on because the busy and unsuspecting husband often invited both men to the house to talk business and because he considered them among his personal friends. Then came a day when the joyful Baucci went glowering and muttering about the studio. The Baroness had abruptly transferred her affections to the actor who was now enjoying sweet revenge, it seemed.

Baucci admits that he hadn't much cause for complaint either and should have tried to content himself with memories of such small favors as he had received in the past, but philosophy is cold consolation for a man who sees another man capturing the woman he loves. Besides, the Italian had been there first, was a fellow countryman and resented being ousted by a foreigner. Especially Dorper's triumphant attitude infuriated him. The writer had to keep putting out of his mind thoughts of personal violence and even deeds of the Borgias.

One day as he was sitting in a park wondering how long he would be able to restrain his jealousy, the object of his hatred came strolling along alone. In his anger he failed to notice that the Englishman bore a dejected manner unsuited to a successful lover. As Dorper approached Baucci glared at him but to the Italian's surprise, instead of his usual supercilious smile, the actor came over and sat down beside him. At that the Italian exploded:

"This bench is not big enough for both of us; nor is this city, nor the whole world, for that matter. It is time that one of us made an exit."

"Oh, don't get up-stage with me," said Dorper, wearily. "She has just treated me the same way."

"Margherita, my Margherita?"

"Yes, Margherita, only she isn't yours or mine either. She has discarded me, just as she did you and for no reason at all. But then they say that to have loved and lost is better than never to have loved at all."

"Bah!" answered the Italian. "That is philosophy, and philosophy is written by old men. It is probably good for old men but it is no good for men who still have red blood in their veins. She has ruined our lives."

The Englishman agreed and, as they talked their hatred dissolved into mutual sympathy. It seemed that as neither could be happy again they might as well jump into the Arno River together and thus rid their minds of that tantalizing vision of the woman they both had loved not wisely but too well. Their sorrow was aggravated by the fact that both had been engaged to Italian girls until this other interest broke the engagements and their hearts.

Was there, perhaps, some other way of blotting out that picture in their minds? For instance, they knew that in a few years that marvelous hair that had charmed them would be gray and the face it crowned would be wrinkled. If, in their mind's eye, they could only see her that way now, it would cure their infatuation. But strain their imagination as they would it was no use, they could only picture her as she really was. And then one of them had an ingenious thought.

If they could get hold of Margherita, clip off those dangerous locks and see her just once as she would look practically bald-headed, it would surely cure them. Also it would be a fitting punishment to Margherita for breaking their hearts. They did not stop to consider how the husband might feel about it, but then they hadn't ever thought of him enough to be jealous.

As the Baroness finally told it, she had been just politely friendly to both of her husband's guests until Baucci revealed his passion, compelling her to repel his advances and finally to treat him in an icy manner. Then, to her dismay, Dorper behaved in exactly the same way and received the same treatment. She had not thought of either as dangerous and when, after she had frozen Dorper, Baucci begged for a final interview, suspected no plot.

She says that he implored her to come to his house and meet his aunt and fiancee. If she would only do this and convince the women that there was no affair between them he could win back his fiancee and all would be well. Otherwise he would surely kill himself.

She went to his house at the hour arranged, seven in the evening. He was evidently waiting for her, for he himself opened the door. As soon as she entered she had a sudden feeling that everything was not so simple and innocent as he would have her believe.

The Baroness Margherita Duranti, Whose "Crowning Glory" and Chief Pride Was Cut Off by Two Lovers. This Photograph Was Taken Last Winter While the Baroness Performed in a Society Affair for Charity in Florence, Italy.

The Baron Martin Duranti, Whose Attractive Wife Was Robbed of Her Tresses, and Who, in Turn, Punished the Men Who Clipped His Wife's Hair.

Ralph Dorper, Who Is Said to Have Planned the Revenge on the Baroness.

She saw no sign of his mother, and the place had all the appearance of a bachelor's abode. The young man led her to a little sitting-room that was dimly lighted, and she had scarcely seated herself when he turned out the light. The Baroness stood up, frightened and ready either to defend herself or to flee; but the light went on again as suddenly as it had gone out, and she saw that there was another person in the room — Ralph Dorper, the other disappointed lover.

Being in the moving picture business they planned their revenge with appropriate light effects and mysterious entrances. She saw that Dorper had a long shining thing in his hand that she thought was a dagger but proved to be shears. Realizing that she was in a trap, the Baroness screamed for help and at once three women responded, a matron and two girls. But they rushed in, not like angels of mercy, but like three furies and cursed her with every evil name in the Italian language, accusing Madame Duranti of stealing the fiancee of one and corrupting the cousin of the two others. Overwhelmed the Baroness fell in a faint.

When she recovered consciousness, she was still lying on the carpet where she had fallen, Dorper was bending over her and snipping off, with a large pair of scissors, the last of her magnificent locks, she asserted. The three furious women had disappeared, but Baucci, holding her hands, was looking on with an expression of malicious satisfaction, she said. Their deed accomplished, the two men pushed her out on to the street; and the wretched woman found her way back home, her hat flapping on her shorn head as loosely as if it had been a waste basket.

It was now the Baron's turn to take action. So, to punish this outrage on his wife, the Baron enticed the two perpetrators to an apartment and there, aided by some friends, with fist and foot was damaging their looks, when the outcries brought the police. In their questioning they asked who the three women who had joined the attach on the Baroness were.

"Oh, they were an aunt and cousins of mine," said Baucci; "one of the girls is engaged to Dorper. They had arrived unexpectedly just before the Baroness, and I had put them in another room, as I wanted the sitting-room for Madame Duranti. Her cries brought my relatives on the scene, and seeing me and Dorper there with a woman, they let fly. But that scene wasn't in the programme."

The two lovers are held on charges of illegally detaining a person and causing bodily harm to the Baroness Duranti. But both the Baroness and her husband think they should also be charged with grand larceny of about a million dollars' worth of hair.

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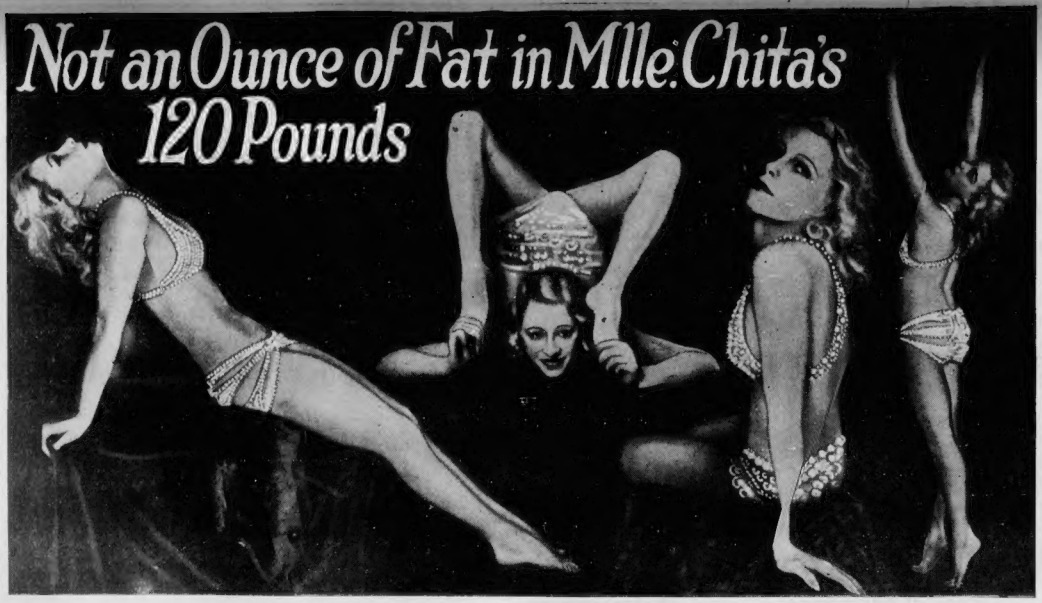
Not an Ounce of Fat in Mlle. Chita's 120 Pounds



Mlle. Chita, Who Has Suddenly Become the Idol of Eglish Theatregoers and Whom Fashionable Folk of London Are Making Their Pet. She is Child of an English Father and a Spanish Mother, and Is Considered a Perfect Physi Specimen. The Photographs Above Show Her in Graceful Poses From Dances While Performed in a Musical Comedy.

ONE of the outstanding attractions of Mr. Charles B. Cochran's ill-fated musical comedy, "Ever Green," was the acrobatic dancing act of pretty little Mlle. Chita. Although the show had a very short run, yet this young woman with her childish figure and tremendous vitality, attracted wide attention as a perfect physical specimen which appealed to artists and sculptors and to overweighted women, because little Chita was presented as having "not an ounce of fat in her 120 pounds."

In her act she appeared with a male partner named Carlos and two other husky men. Mlle. Chita is already known in France and America, but her greatest hit was here in London.

Not long ago an eminent English physician, who examined Chita after a slight accident suffered during the course of an act at the Adelphi Theatre, overheard a well-known theatrical manager make the remark that Mlle. Chita is the only dancer on the European or American stage who has not an ounce of fat in her body. This, he said, accounts for her flashing grace and her almost ideally formed body.

The physician, not to take away any of the dancer's popularity, but merely in the interest of accuracy, took exception to the theatrical manager's contention—which had been used as a basis for several publicity stories re Mlle. Chita—by explaining that it would be almost impossible to find human being without fat on his, or her, body.

"It probably is true," he wrote in a medical journal, "that Mlle. Chita has no excess fat on her remarkably active and symmetrical body. That is to say, there is little, if any, fatty tissue between her skin and her muscles. But, like everyone else, her internal organs, specially those in her abdomen, are cushioned, so to speak, in protective layers of fatty tissue.

many athletes, including boxers, runners and gymnasts, and I found traces of fat in the muscular tissue even in the bodies of persons who are to all outward appearances in the so-called pink of condition.

"I will say, however, that Mlle. Chita possesses one of the most beautiful and vital bodies that I have ever seen and that, in the ordinary and not the technical sense of the word, she is free from unnecessary and unsightly fat."

The dancer explains that she was trained for her profession since she was a child of four. Her father, an Englishman, and her mother, a Spaniard, were well-known adagio dancers and they personally supervised her daily exercises intended to develop strength, flexibility and grace.

The fashionable set of London has more or less adopted Chita, who is frequently seen with her wealthy and titled admirers in public and at their homes. Many of her patrons are of the portly type, and are perhaps eager to cultivate the dancer to learn how she manages to remain so slim. Chita is training her ten-year-old sister to be a dancer.

"Betty is my hobby at the moment," she says, "and she is a promising pupil. I believe that, before many years, she will have me envying her for her physical grace and her skill as a dancer."

Fighting the "Devils" of Zanzibar

PRIMITIVE people in various parts of the world perform curious rites to protect them and their tribesmen from the rages and the whimsies of a numerous company of evil deities and spirits. Sometimes living animals are cruelly sacrificed and in a few uncivilized spots human blood still is spilled in an effort to appease the wrath of legendary devils.

On the island of Zanzibar, which is close to the east coast of Africa about midway of the continent, the job of driving away devils falls to the women. The photograph at the right shows two dusky belles of the Swahili tribe performing a part of the elaborate ritual by which they and their neighbors believe the devils that cause sickness, death, flood and drought can be banished temporarily from their tropical isle and sent scurrying across the stretch of the Indian Ocean which separates Zanzibar from Tanganyika, known before the World War as German East Africa.

The costumes and devices used for this strange ceremony are unlike those found in any other part of the world. The devil chasers squat on the sacred ground reserved for religious rites and pass back and forth between them a sort of doll, which they cause to dance much in the manner that the operator of a Punch and Judy show makes his characters behave.

During this dance they chant and wail and shout incantations. They hope the forces of evil will be amused and laugh themselves into good humor—or be frightened by the wilder movements of the fetich and run away to pester some other tribe.

An interesting as the garishly dressed doll are the masks which the feminine devil eradicators wear over their eyes. These are elaborately decorated rectangles, sometimes made of wood and sometimes of bone.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—PHOTO

Swahili Women of Zanzibar, Making "Medicine' With a Doll-Like Fetish, by Which, They Firmly Believe, Devils That Inhabit Their Country Are Driven Out.

Uses Clock Spring to Hunt Gold

EVERY European country boasts several persons who have demonstrated their ability to locate water with a divining rob. Some of these specially gifted individuals go about their water-seeking with the traditional forked stick. Others do their work with curiously twisted pieces of metal.

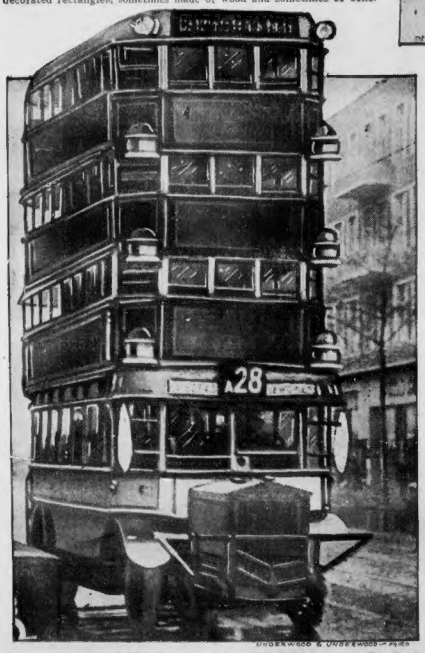
But none of these "diviners" seems to be in the same class with an Englishman by the name of Frederick Stone, a native of Devonshire, who has, on many occasions and in widely separated areas, proved his ability to locate precious deposits of gold with a common clock spring.

Several months ago Mr. Stone paid a visit to relatives in South Africa and the news got about that he is the man who has a clock spring as miraculous in its way as the mythical lamp of Aladdin. Certain of the English residents of the British colony, having no faith in any man's power to detect the presence of gold with any device, least of all part of an inexpensive alarm clock, invited the visitor to demonstrate his extraordinary talent. He willingly agreed.

A scientist of the British Geographical Survey Department escorted Mr. Stone to an open field where there was a pile of six sacks. Three of these were filled with nothing more valuable than sand and the other three had small quantities of gold "planted" in them.

As he walked about the sacks, the "diviner" took his clock spring from his pocket and held it in his hands. At certain points in his circle about the sacks the spiral of metal turned slowly in the operator's fingers. At other points the spring registered no disturbance. In a few minutes Mr. Stone told the scientist which were the bags of sand and which bags had small quantities of gold buried in them. And he was right.

To further test his uncanny power, the gold-finder was taken to four gold mines, three of which had long since been worked out. He quickly discovered the ones which had no ore and picked the still productive mine.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—PHOTO

German Newspapers Published on April 1 Last This Photograph of a Four-Story Bus. But It Was Only a Cleverly Faked Picture, After the Custom of Photographers in Berlin on All Fools' Day.

Weird "All Fools" Jokes in Germany

NOT all the amusing, and sometimes tragic, April Fool jokes are played by small boys who hide bricks under hats and pin signs bearing such provocative legends as "Please kick me" to the coattails of unsuspecting grown-ups.

Some of them are played by newspaper editors, more particularly German gentlemen-of-the-press, who get a great kick out of hoaxing their gullible readers once a year. Of course, there is no malice in these pranks, which usually are exposed or explained within a day or two after they are played.

The photograph at the left shows how one editor in Berlin fooled several thousand readers and caused the offices of several bus lines to be flooded with inquiries and personal calls from individuals who wanted to look at and ride in "the world's first and only four-story motor bus."

Curious crowds invaded the garages where the public vehicles are housed when they are not doing duty on the highways. The newspaper in which the picture appeared received several thousand letters inquiring where the bus could be seen, how many persons it could hold, how fast it could travel, how much it cost to build and how it managed to go under bridges and trolley wires without being wrecked.

A few wise citizens, including the employes of the bus lines and automotive engineers, who saw at once that such a conveyance is impractical mechanically as well as physically, recognized the photograph for the All Fools' Day hoax it was. But it was not until several days after the publication of the picture that the editor confessed to his public that he was merely having his annual joke with a fake photograph pasted together by one of his staff.

The editor of a rival newspaper amazed his subscribers with an even more surprising "news photo"—a picture of a gigantic penguin almost as tall as a man. The monstrous bird, a hundred times larger than any penguin that ever lived, was affectionately kissing a man with his long beak.

The story which accompanied the picture said that the Gargantuan penguin had only recently been brought to the German capital and that it was secreted in a private zoo. Eventually, the story went on to explain, the giant bird would travel all over the world as an attraction in a circus.

This story created as much furore as the four-story bus and every pet store proprietor, animal trainer and naturalist in the city was besieged with calls by persons eager to gaze upon the freak.

Several days later the newspaper in which the "scoop" was published admitted that the picture was a composite photograph and that the bird used was not only a normal-sized penguin but was a stuffed member of the species besides.

Back in the 1800's a Cincinnati newspaper publisher sent out an April 1 edition of his paper with a woodcut likeness of a winged sea serpent which, he declared, several sober residents had seen winging its way over the housetops. The monster was described in fearsome detail, even to the blood-curdling shrieks it emitted. Many of those who took the story at its face value emphatically refused to accept the publisher's apology for his innocent joke.

WIDE WORLD—PHOTO

Another Astonishing Photograph Which Found Its Way Into the German Press Was That of This Prodigious Penguin. The Photograph Is Merely an Enlarged Likeness of a Stuffed Bird Pasted on a Background to Give the Illusion of Great Size.

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"Personality" Depends on Your Size, Shape and Bodily Make-Up

Curious Experiments and Study of 5,000 Dogs at Cornell University Lead Prof. Stockard to Discoveries Which He Finds Apply to Men and Women

EVERYBODY knows there are good-natured dogs, ill-tempered dogs, lazy dogs and nervous, restless dogs—short-legged dogs, long-legged dogs, dogs with big heads and heavy jowls, and midget dogs that can be comfortable stowed away in a woman's hand satchel.

It occurred to Professor Charles R. Stockard, Professor of Anatomy and Director of the Experimental Morphology Farm at Cornell University Medical College, to wonder if there was not a good deal of similarity between these peculiar types of dogs and the many outstanding types of human beings; and the result of many years' study has brought to light some very interesting discoveries by Dr. Stockard.

With the exception perhaps of certain twins, no two human beings are exactly alike—there is always some difference in what is called their personality. And so, too, Professor Stockard finds that dogs differ greatly in their personality.

But what makes personality? Professor Stockard had suspected that a human being's personality is largely a matter of his physical makeup. But as it is not within the power of scientists to breed human beings experimentally for the purpose of producing such strange personalities as appear in the newspapers or are collected in the side-shows of the circus, he did the next best thing—carried out his experiments on man's faithful friend, but distant relative in the animal kingdom, the dog.

Curious Resemblances Between Dogs and Men.

Everybody has noticed that there is more difference physically between different kinds of dogs than there is within any other species of animal. There are dogs so small that they can travel comfortably in a lady's pocketbook, and others weighing 200 pounds, bigger than the average adult human being. Dr. Stockard found that besides this extraordinary difference in shape, size and behavior the most extreme canine freaks exhibited the same sort of personality usually found in the same type of human freaks. There is the St. Bernard, the Great Dane, the Russian wolfhound, the poodle, the Pekinese, the bulldog, the terrier and King Charles spaniel man, and both men and dogs get that way for the same reason.

In his recent book, "The Physical Basis of Personality," published by W. W. Norton & Co., N. Y., Professor Stockard gives an account of these interesting experiments, and states that the chains of little glands that drop powerful chemicals into the blood are the basis of personality, but that still other things may be behind their action. He points out that personality is by no means a fixed thing, but changes from youth to old age and even from day to day. It is a common expression: "When I saw him again he was a different person." Professor Stockard says:

"The bearing, the stride in walking, and the heavy sweeping gesticulations of the human giant, are strikingly simulated in the actions of the St. Bernard dog, and the deep hoarseness of the voice is the same in the two. The quick, nervous vivacity and squeaky, yapping voice of the black-and-tan toy dog or the Pomeranian poodle resemble in a most suggestive way the manner, reactions and voice of the tiny human midget. Few companionships attract so much attention as that of the midget man and the tiny dog on promenade together."

Ailments of Dogs Like Human Ailments.

But the St. Bernard dog and the St. Bernard type of human giant are utterly different from that other big canine, the Great Dane, and the corresponding human type. They are so different that Prof. Stockard's experiments in breeding the two big dogs brought to light facts that may open up the cause of certain obscure diseases of the spine and motor nerves in humanity. Those two kinds of dogs cannot be bred successfully because their offspring develops a peculiar paralysis of the hind legs quite like a mysterious one that simulates locomotor-ataxia in human beings occasionally. It offers the suspicion that certain types of human beings should not mate for similar reasons.

At the other end of the scale is another curious parallel between man and dog. The midget dogs and midget humans are not to be confused with certain other small specimens. The midget is a perfectly formed human being different only in his size, and the same may be said of the black-and-tan toy dog. The human dwarf of the achondroplasic (lacking the usual cartilage formations at the end of the long bones) type is something very different. He is all out of proportion, with a big trunk and head, and a dwarf chiefly because of his short, bowed legs. And what is his canine counterpart? Stockard writes:

"The quiet, determined and rather severe attitude of the stocky achondroplasic human dwarf is very closely paralleled by the demeanor and voice of the bulldog."

There are two kinds of giants, one of them simply a surprisingly large man, strong and sound in bone, muscle and nerve. Such giants were Goliath, slain by David, and the modern prize fighters, Jess Willard and Carnera. These men are of the Great Dane type. The other kind are really sick men and their size is a disease, known as giantism or acromegaly. They get into the side show but never into the prize ring because they hardly have strength to hold up their weary bones and are short-lived.

These are the St. Bernard type and while the St. Bernard dog is not to be considered an invalid breed because its worst weaknesses have been kept down by careful breeding, it is not far from it as shown by the unexpected results of crossing with the big, healthy and powerful Great Dane. Knowledge of the laws of heredity has made breeding something of an exact science, though the breeder must first make a certain amount of experiments before he knows what material he has to deal with.

The force that determines whether man or animal will grow into giant or midget depends on how a few little glands secrete or fail to secrete certain stimulating or retarding substances into the blood. It is the varying action of these glands which brings a dog to maturity in one year, but a man in 21. This slow maturity peculiar to the human race must have evolved in man's first human ancestors or his recent prehuman ones and Prof. Stockard advances an interesting theory on this subject in connection with the cave man. He says:

"The earliest fossil remains of man-like beings, such as the Piltdown skull found in England in 1911 and the recent discoveries by Davidson Black in China, have been interpreted as coming from mature young persons of probably thirty years of age. It is probable, however, that these specimens lived at a time before the immaturity in human beings had become so prolonged.

"These fossil remains may possibly have been left by adult early men younger than ten years of age. Certainly the skeleton of the man-like ape nears adult size at ten years and a horse is fully adult at three years. At one time during the evolution of man his skeleton may have developed as rapidly as those of other mammals of approximately his size."

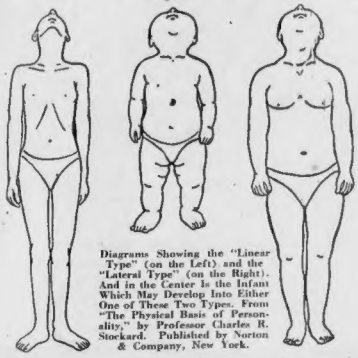
The thyroid gland Professor Stockard considers the most important influence in molding the physical characteristics which cause personality. When a baby is born without that gland it becomes a cretin; that is, a baby-like dwarf. If the gland is present but only moderately active through life, the baby grows into the short, round, lateral type of person. On the other hand, if it is particularly active, the result is a tall, thin specimen, known as the linear type—like Col. Lindbergh. It is not merely a matter of inches, but of a thousand differences, from head to feet.

There are some definite characteristics of the tall thin people. The head is long and narrow, the distance between the eye-pupils short and the tendency is toward farsightedness. The nose bridge is narrow and usually high, as is the roof of the mouth. The lower jaw is long and small with crowded teeth, the neck is long and small in circumference, the shoulders high and square, the trunk short, narrow and tapering toward the waist. The extremities are long, with light bones and long, slender muscles.

In youth they are generally considered under weight and at first develop slowly, but the males later have deep voices. The basso profundo of the opera is usually a tall, hungry-looking man, while the tenors are shorter and have difficulty in keeping their weight down. Those things are rather common observations, but others are not; such as that tall folks have tender, sensitive skins and digestive tracts. In good health, they rarely laugh out loud and never scream. One can hardly imagine a deep-voiced sheik. They are usually considered persons blessed with naturally steady nerves while as a matter of fact they have to constantly keep them under conscious control.

In a street car accident, Dr. Stockard points out that it is the stout woman who screams, but the thin woman beside her, who "keeps her head," is the one who feels the effects of it afterward on her nervous system. It was the linear type which suffered most from shell-shock during the war.

The short or lateral type is the opposite of all this. His skin and digestive tract are not sensitive and yet he is so emotional that he gives everyone the opposite impression. The thin, linear type is the adventurer, always exploring and experimenting, getting into all corners of the earth and coming to untimely ends. The lateral type looks before he leaps and only moves after careful plans and attention to details.



Diagrams Showing the "Linear Type" (on the Left) and the "Lateral Type" (on the Right). And in the Center Is the Infant Which May Develop Into Either One of These Two Types. From "The Physical Basis of Personality," by Professor Charles R. Stockard. Published by Norton & Company, New York.

The linear type likes meat and other proteins while the lateral goes in for sweets and starches. Both types are more pronounced in the male than in the female. The fair sex tends toward the lateral.

In savage races (and, apparently from the fossil bones, prehistoric man also) those who live near the ocean tend to be linear, probably because near the sea there is a more plentiful supply of iodine essential to the activity of the thyroid. In the interior, where iodine is scarce in food and water, the lateral type is more prevalent.

All things being equal the lateral stands the wear and tear of life better. His nerves are less on edge, perhaps because the nerve fibres do not need to be stretched to cover such long distances and, for the same reason, the heart has less footage of arteries and veins to pump blood through and, most important of all, because the lateral takes life more easily and does not assume more responsibilities than he can comfortably carry. The linear type has most of his characteristics reflected in the Great Dane and the lateral type in the bulldog.

White there are the two outstanding different types of human beings which might popularly be called the tall-thin and the short-broad people, yet there are, of course, many persons who are a mixture of these two types. And an individual may carry in him characteristics which are hidden and do not appear in his physical appearance or temperamental make-up. These are called recessive characteristics. The things which are stamped on a person's bodily appearance and general personality are called the dominant characteristics.

A weakness may be recessive or hidden in a strain of dogs or human beings until crossed with another in which this same weakness is also hidden. Then the weakness, instead of being recessive, becomes dominant and affects the next generation. In the Experimental Morphology Farm connected with the Medical Department of Cornell University more than 5,000 dogs of various kinds and breeds have been experimented with by Professor Stockard. Some of these experiments and their results were complete surprises. And much of what Professor Stockard discovered in regard to the physical temperament and personality characteristics of the dogs apply to men and women of the same type.

When St. Bernards mate with Great Danes the pups, which look like little lion cubs, are often healthy and strong until the third month and then develop a curious paralysis of the hind legs which is incurable. The dogs drag themselves about with seal-like motion, though Professor Stockard says that some of the smarter ones actually teach themselves to walk on their front legs, like an acrobat. Professor Stockard points out the importance of this peculiar phenomenon as follows:

"Among human families there is known a condition of primary muscular atrophy which frequently affects definite muscle groups and results in crippling and inability to walk. The disease occurs in families in such a way as to make it probable that it may be hereditary in origin. The lameness in the dogs arises more suddenly than a muscular atrophy would appear and at the beginning of the paralysis the muscles are large and strong.

"Nervous degeneration and paralyses are known in human beings which in some respects resemble the peculiar paralysis occurring in the dogs. It is hoped that within the near future an exact understanding of the nature of this defective state may become clear, and that such an understanding may aid in an analysis of the human conditions."

General Von Hindenburg, President of Germany, Who Represents the "Bulldog" Type of Human Beings.

The Circus Dwarf, Reflecting in His Features and Physique the Same Physical Characteristics as the Pekinese Dog.

Governor Louis L. Emmerson, of Illinois, a Striking Example of the Long Narrow Face and General Physical Make-up Which Is Shown in the Animal World in the Russian Wolfhound.

The Well-Known Features of Senator "Ja Ham" Lewis, of Illinois, and the Face, Features and Whiskers of a Wire-Haired Fox Terrier.

Ponderous Face of the Late Lord Salisbury, Which Finds Its Counterpart in the Canine World in the Heavy Head, Face and Jowls of the St. Bernard.

Said to Be the Smallest Dog in the World —Can Be Carried in a Lady's Pocketbook.

The Largest Dog in the World—the Huge Irish Wolfhound Which, on Its Hind Legs, Is Considerably Taller Than a Man.

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WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

The successful salad must win compliments for its appearance as well as its taste. And this one will! Of course, perfectly matched, evenly cut DOLE 1 Slices are the thing to use.

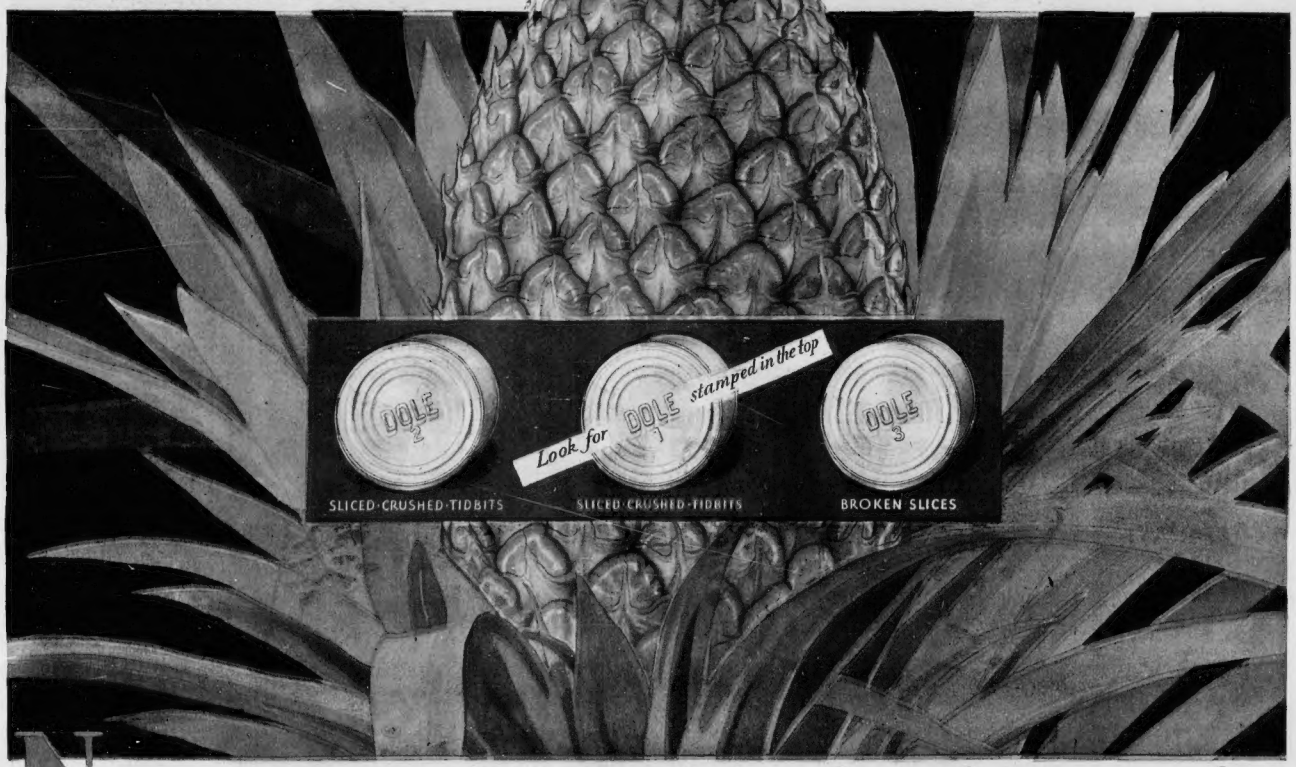
STUFFED PRUNE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

For each serving, lay a slice of DOLE 1 Pineapple in a nest of lettuce. Lay three strips of pimiento spoke-fashion from the center of slice and fill hole with stiff mayonnaise. Stone 3 small stewed prunes and fill cavities with seasoned cream cheese, then dip the cheese side in crushed nuts. Stand these three prunes upright over the mayonnaise in the center.

Many women will want to make this dessert with evenly-cut DOLE 1 Slices—perfectly matched for their golden color. But since the pineapple is going to be simmered, delicious DOLE 2 Slices will serve the purpose as well—and save pennies.

PINEAPPLE PASTRY CIRCLES

To 1 large can DOLE 2 Sliced Pineapple add ½ cup sugar and simmer until fruit is soft and syrup thick. (The 1 lb. 14 oz. can is just right for this recipe. You'll see the weight marked on the label, when you buy.) Let cool. Meanwhile roll rich pastry thin, and cut in circles the same size as the pineapple, allowing 2 circles for each serving. Prick with a fork and bake in hot oven ten minutes. Cool, cover half the slices with a thick layer of marshmallow cream, and top with remaining slices. Place a slice of pineapple on each, fill hole with whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Garnish with cherries.



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Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. The syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good wholesome quality.

You can make thousands of fascinating dishes with pineapple . . . plain ones, fancy ones—some more economical than others! That's why it's such a convenience to buy Canned Hawaiian Pineapple by the DOLE grade-marks. They let you choose the grade of Sliced, Crushed or Tidbits best suited to your recipe, the grade most economical. . . . . ¶ As a breakfast fruit, for luncheon, for dinner, pineapple's a wonderful treat — and rich in health-giving vitamins A, B, and C. When you buy this nourishing golden fruit, insist on seeing the name DOLE stamped right in the top of the can — *and beneath that name the number 1, or 2, or 3.* (You're *entitled* to know the grade you're getting.) . . . . . .

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Gentlemen: Please send me a FREE copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," your story-recipe booklet which tells 39 new ways to serve Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

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Young Michael Burke, the "One-Man-Crime-Wave"

Sixteen-Year-Old Schoolboy All by Himself Terrorizes a Missouri City for Four Months by Robbery and Murder, but Is at Home and in Bed by 10 O'Clock and Nobody Suspected Him

Parked in His Car With a Young Woman in Front of Her House, John Fisher Was Startled When a Flashlight Illuminated the Inside of the Car and a Hand Holding a Pistol Appeared. Ordered to Get Out and Hold Up His Hands, Mr. Fisher Did So and Was Backed Up Against a Stone Wall. When He Carelessly Lowered His Hands, the Bandit Instantly Pulled the Trigger and a Pistol Bullet Plowed Through Fisher's Head and He Dropped Dead.

Michael Burke, Sixteen-Year-Old St. Joseph, Missouri, School Boy. From Photograph Taken the Day After His Arrest.

GRADUALLY the eighty-thousand citizens of St. Joseph, Mo., are getting back to their normal schedules of activities after a four-months' reign of terror that kept them indoors at night, caused the State Legislature to consider strengthening the police department of that city, caused Chief of Police Earl M. Mathews to change police working hour shifts from eight to twelve hours a day and reached a climax after two men had been murdered, twenty motor cars had been stolen and more than 100 persons had been robbed in their homes and on the streets.

St. Joseph residents, believing their city in the grasp of a criminal gang of large numbers, led by "flashlight bandits," have begun to breathe freely again. The Legislature has dropped the proposal to increase the police personnel, patrolmen are being put back on regular eight-hour shifts and persons again are going about after dark.

One schoolboy, now safely behind the bars of a cell, turns out to have been the "gang of bandits." He was a "one-man-crime-wave."

The arrest of one 16-year-old boy has ended the reign of terror—a boy whose four-months' criminal career brought death and loss and terror—a boy who lived all that time with respectable parents who knew nothing of his activities and believed him to be living a model life.

That boy is Michael Burke, son of an attorney of good standing. By day young Burke lived the life of the average boy. He attended the Robidoux High School in St. Joseph and almost always was at home with his parents by 10 o'clock at night.

A model youth twenty-two hours of the day, he became robber and slayer between 8 and 10 o'clock evenings.

And now the boy faces trial before a jury on two charges of murder in the first degree—murders which he freely has confessed. The jury legally can return a verdict that the boy be hanged, regardless of his age. The laws of Missouri prevent the hanging of any person under 17 years of age, but Michael will be 17 in September and the red tape of the laws' delays ensuant to a hanging could not be unwound before that.

To be tried in the same term of court with young Burke are Walter T. Powell, 62 years old, and his wife, Anna Powell, 55, neighbors of the Burkes and, until implicated in the charges against the boy, close friends of the entire Burke family.

The Home of the Burkes, Pacific Street, St. Joseph, Missouri, Where the Boy Michael Came Home and Went to Bed at 10 O'Clock and Seemed to Be Living a Model Life.

The Powells, gray of hair and bowed prematurely with age, also face charges of first degree murder. Frank T. Kirtley, prosecuting attorney, has announced he expects to prove that it was under their tutelage that young Burke learned the robbery business that led him to commit two murders.

Michael Burke lived, until a few months ago, the life of a normal boy. His standing in school was only moderately high. Like many boys, he had run away from home to work in harvest fields of Kansas and Oklahoma and like many boys, he had grown a bit bashful and sensitive as his voice changed and his stature lengthened in his early 'teens.

When he grew to be almost six feet tall and still apparently was just a boy in every other way, he began to mingle less and less with other persons. When Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burke, his parents, urged him to attend school affairs at night, he merely answered that he didn't want to be with those "kids."

Visits of Mr. and Mrs. Powell at the Burke home, however, seemed to interest the youth. The Powells seemed to understand growing bashful boys. Mr. Powell raised some chickens on his suburban place, and more and more young Burke was seen helping feed and care for those chickens.

But still the elder Burke's order that the youth be at home by 10 o'clock was being obeyed by the boy.

"Where were you tonight?" the father asked when the lad came in at the specified time.

"Down at the drug store," he often replied. "I'm helping squirt soda down there."

Or, at other times the answer was: "Over at Mr. Powell's, helping him with his game cocks."

It was a bleak day last November when Michael Burke, no older than his classmates, but standing head and shoulders above them in a spelling lesson line, was given a word by his teacher in the freshman high school class. The boy spelled the word wrong.

He was given another word and again he missed. A third chance was a failure.

"Well, can you spell CAT?" asked an exasperated teacher.

Young Burke moved toward the door, seized the knob and swung the door open and then, as he stepped into the hall before the restraining hand of the teacher could reach him, he yelled back:

"C-A-T; there's your damn cat."

And, with the slamming of the door, he was out and away.

That night the police were mystified by holdups of pedestrians in widely separated parts of the city. A motor car also was stolen and abandoned. Detectives figured that one robber had operated in the stolen car.

But night after night the number of robberies increased. Always the bandit threw into the faces of victims the rays of an electric flashlight.

Morning papers began giving a daily list of depredations the previous evening by "flashlight bandits." The parents of young Burke worried slightly about their son's absence from home those evenings, but his explanation about working and being at the Powell home allayed their fears. The Powells, the Burkes believed, were good people and the Burkes were glad to see their son take an interest in any kind of activity, even though it was the handling of game chickens.

Night after night the flashlight robberies continued. As many as ten were reported one night.

Chief of Police Mathews met demands for better police protection by calling all members of his force into consultation and then lengthening their hours to twelve a day. Policemen formerly had worked only eight hours a day.

The robberies continued. Then on the night of December 29 John Brown, former deputy constable, was shot to death in the garage of his home.

State Senator Crouse, in Whose Home the Young Bandit Was Finally Caught.

Indignation grew and Chief Mathews called into consultation State Senator Emmet Crouse and a bill was prepared for introduction into the Legislature of Missouri requiring city officials of St. Joseph to enlarge the municipal budget and provide for an increased number of policemen.

Harry Rash, a resident of Savannah, Mo., was driving out of St. Joseph one evening early in January when a lanky youth stepped up to his car, ordered him to halt and started to rob him. But Rash drew a pistol and began firing. One shot went through the arm of the bandit and Rash escaped.

That night Michael Burke slipped into his bedroom without stopping to bid his parents goodnight. The next day his mother was startled by finding some bloody garments, but the youth assured her he merely had skinned his arm in an accident and that it was all right.

A few nights later another man shot it out with a bandit and again young Burke showed up at home with a wound, this time a very shallow one on the scalp. Again his explanation about hitting his head against a projecting timber satisfied his mother.

Night after night the depredations went on until January 11, when John Fisher, a packing company employe, was accosted as he sat in a motor car with a young woman in front of her home. The intruder ordered Fisher to put up his hands and get out of the car. The man complied but, when backed up against a stone wall, Fisher started to take his hands down. A bullet from the lanky holdup's pistol plowed through Fisher's head and he fell dead.

That night young Burke appeared a bit nervous when he arrived at home, but still his parents suspected nothing. A day or two later the boy's father lunched with Chief of Police Mathews.

"Chief, I wish I could help you round up those flashlight bandits," said the lawyer to the chief. "Their leader must be a crafty and bold scoundrel."

Chief Mathews, under a constant fire of criticism and protest concerning activities of the so-called "gang" of flashlight robbers, was losing weight. He told Attorney Burke:

"I must get that gang—and I will."

Motor cars continued to disappear and St. Joseph residents began calling off social affairs. More and more persons began to remain at home evenings. But that didn't solve the problem for homes were being entered in large numbers.

The night of March 22 two policemen spied a prowler with a flashlight in the residence of State Senator Crouse—the law maker who was asking the legislature to come to the aid of St. Joseph. Help was summoned, the house was surrounded and the capture made—the capture of one lone 16-year-old boy, Michael Burke.

"A school boy making his first misstep," suggested Chief Mathews. "After something he could pawn to get money to take some girl out."

The detectives gave little attention to the boy, but finally one of them said:

"Your father is heartbroken about you and you had just better get everything off your chest. You'll feel better."

"What would happen to me if I confessed to killing John Brown?" asked the boy.

"You killed Brown?" gasped the surprised detective.

Then it was the youth confessed to the murder of Brown, the murder of Fisher, the robbery of many homes, the holding up of uncounted persons in cars and on the streets and theft of large numbers of motor cars.

Never once did he mention Walter T. Powell and Mrs. Powell. But a detective learned that the youth often had been seen at the Powell home. So search for loot, which the boy insisted he had thrown into the Missouri River, was shifted to the Powell home.

And there were found rings, from which jewels had been pried, and other articles of jewelry, police said. So the Powells were detained. But still the young robber and slayer refused to implicate them.

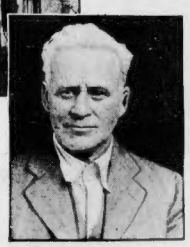
A grand jury was summoned and the boy was taken before it. What went on in that jury room may be divulged in trial of the Powells and it may not. However, the aged man and his wife were indicted on first degree murder charges in connection with the killing of Brown and Fisher—crimes which young Burke so frankly had confessed.

"I don't understand how our boy could get out from under his home influence like he did," said Attorney Burke, after a recent conference with his son. "All times he was quiet and obedient. We never dreamed that he was turning bandit those few hours he was out of our sight.

"And the Powells—we always considered them good neighbors."

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Powell, Near the Home of the Burkes. It Was Here That the Police Believe Plans Were Laid for Young Burke's Activities and Here, It Is Said, Some of His Loot Was Found.

Four Police Cars Held for Instant Duty Whenever a Hold-Up Was Reported. In Addition to These Reserve Squads, the Eight-Hour Duty of Every Policeman on the Force Was Extended to Twelve Hours.



Walter T. Powell, Indicted With His Wife on First Degree Murder Charges in Connection With the Michael Burke Killings.

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More Palmolive Soap was sold in 1930

than in any year in Palmolive history

THAT is a startling fact. It is startling for many reasons. First—there are more soaps on the market today than ever before. More soaps claimed to be "beautifiers" than ever before. But analyze their claims. Any of them. Search the advertising for information about what they are made of. Cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. Few soaps advertised tell you what they are made of. That is significant. Because many soaps contain animal fats. Palmolive does not. And because of that—women bought more Palmolive in 1930 than ever before.

"Use Palmolive," experts warn

This great Palmolive sale is startling for another reason. It is the greatest tribute we have ever known to the Palmolive doctrine of "Keeping That Schoolgirl Complexion." Some years ago women thought it wrong to use soap on the face. They were depriving themselves of benefits now known to millions.

You must wash your face. 20,000 of the world's leading beauty experts say that. "But," they warn, "use only Palmolive." They are professionals, to whom the lovely women of the world entrust their complexions. They speak with authority. And it is in answer to this beauty command from 20,000 beauty specialists that women used more Palmolive in 1930 than ever before.

Nothing else like olive and palm oils

There is a third reason. And an important one. The thing women prize in Palmolive is the skin effects no ordinary soap can ever bring. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oil for skin care and beauty. More women know that—more believe it today than ever before.

Thus more millions—unwilling to gamble with priceless complexions—turn each year to Palmolive—and this soap alone—to Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

800,000,000 Meteors Shot at the Earth Every Day

Fortunately Most of the Celestial Visitors Are Burned Up by the Friction of the Atmosphere, but a Few Get Through and Strike With a Terrific Smash

The Famous Meteoric Shower Which Illuminated the Heavens in Various Parts of the United States on the Night of the 13th of November, 1833.

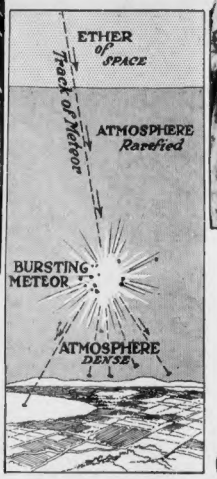


Diagram Illustrating How a Meteor Comes Rushing Through the Frictionless Ether of Space Against the Buffer of Atmosphere Surrounding the Earth. The Heat Caused by the Resistance of the Air as the Meteor Enters the Atmosphere Generally Causes the Visitor From the Sky to Explode Into Several Pieces. The Fragments That Reach the Earth Are Called Meteorites.

Mr. Lawrence Swank, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, Pointing to the Holes in His Automobile, Where He Believes a Meteor About Half as Large as a Man's Fist Shot Through the Engine Hood and Radiator of the Car Last October.

EIGHT hundred million meteors a day are headed for the earth, according to the calculations by Professor Charles C. Wylie, of the University of Iowa. Most of the celestial visitors in this tremendous bombardment are big enough to strike a fatal blow, and occasionally one of them is of gigantic size—so large that if it landed on Manhattan Island it would destroy every building and kill every human being and animal for miles around New York.

But there are two fortunate things which save mankind and its possessions from destruction every hour in the day. The greater part of the travelers from outer space are completely burned up by the heat caused by friction with the atmosphere of the earth. The earth's atmosphere acts as a sort of protecting shell and most of the meteors are heated white hot and then turned into gas. If the visitor is stopped before reaching the earth it is called a meteor. If it lands on the earth it is a meteorite.

Some of the meteors explode in the upper atmosphere, and while most of the shattered pieces are consumed in the heat, yet some of them reach the surface of the earth, usually rather small in size.

But now and then a gigantic traveler, rushing through space, encounters the earth's atmosphere and becomes tremendously hot, but keeps right on going and lands on the earth's surface. In Arizona can be seen today an enormous hole in the ground, a crater left by a giant visitor in prehistoric times. This meteorite penetrated the earth's surface so deeply that it has never been located in the depths of the earth.

More recently a giant from the heavens struck the earth in northern Siberia. The spot was located by a Russian scientific expedition and the report of what the scientists found has been studied with great interest, because it is the first careful examination of the fall of a meteorite in modern times and of just what happened.

It is fortunate for mankind that most meteors are rendered harmless by our atmosphere, and that the big meteors which have passed through the atmosphere have, heretofore, landed on the earth in a spot where no human being lived or had a habitation.

Smaller sized meteorites which strike the earth now and then seem to have very poor aim. There are very few well authenticated cases of a man or an animal having been struck with a meteorite, although houses have been hit by them, and there is the interesting case of Mr. Lawrence Swank, a young man seventeen years old, of Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Swank one evening last October was driving his Ford roadster along a quiet country road a few miles from his home. He was making about 20 miles an hour when suddenly there was a flash of light, a buzzing in his ears and then a loud detonation. Badly frightened, the boy raced for home, leaving the car in the street in front of the house. The next morning he was astonished to find a hole nearly as large as his fist in the hood of his roadster, and another similar one in the radiator front.

The young man's friends suggested that the car had been struck by a meteorite and he was immediately convinced that he had had this unparalleled experience. Confirmation of the meteorite theory was seen in several circumstances. Swank found a small piece of a strange metal under the car's hood. A farmer found a larger piece of what looked like burnt-out stone in a nearby field. A small dent was found in the pavement of the road just about where Swank said the meteorite struck his car. Finally, several persons reported having that night seen a "shooting star" in the sky in that vicinity.

The "Forest City" Meteorite From Iowa. The Main Body Is Nearly a Foot and a Half High, and Around It Are Smaller Fragments, Even the Smallest of Which Would Have Been Able to Strike a Fatal Blow.

The "Willamette" Meteorite Found in Oregon and Now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The Crater of the Gigantic Meteorite in Diablo Canyon, Arizona, Which Hides 12,000,000 Tons of Solid Iron, Nickel and Other Metals, and Which Fell From the Sky and Buried Itself in the Earth in Prehistoric Times.

Photo American Museum of Natural History

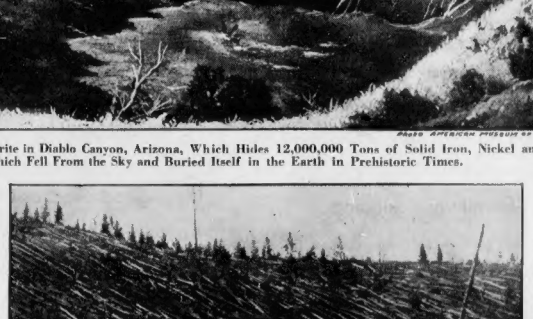
Professor Wylie, with the aid of scientists from nearby Wabash College, investigated the reports of Swank's meteorite. While they did not actually disprove the story, they exploded the "corroborative" evidence, and their conclusions throw grave doubts on the striking of the car by a meteorite.

The large "burnt-out" object was declared to be a common cinder. The piece found in the hood was carborundum, an artificial metal. The dent in the pavement could not have been made by an object from the direction the supposed meteorite traveled. It was learned no shooting stars had actually been seen in the vicinity. The meteorite, to have pierced hood and radiator, must have fallen at an angle of 45 degrees, while all other meteorites have fallen almost vertically. Finally, Prof. Wylie, who is an authority on the subject, figured that, "assuming that one percent of the meteorites falling in the United States are now being recovered, an authentic report of damage to an auto by a meteorite anywhere in the United States should occur not oftener than about once in 500 years."

As even an Indiana Ford doesn't last that long, they would seem to be immune.

A few years ago it was reported from Calcutta that the fall of a huge meteorite near the village of Kanih, in the Jaluan district of India, had killed two men. The meteorite fell in a field where the men were working. One man was said to have been annihilated, so that no trace of his body was found.

There is also a well authenticated case of a man in Mhow, India, being killed by a meteorite in 1827. Details are meagre.



Photograph of the Destruction of the Forest for Miles Around in Siberia, Where an Enormous Celestial Visitor Struck the Earth a Few Years Ago. This Picture Shows How the Air Compressed in Front of the Meteorite Rushed Out, Stripping Limbs From Trees, Tearing Them Up by the Roots and Spreading Them on the Ground in Concentric Circles. A Few Scrubby Second-Growth Trees Have Since Sprung Up.

About three years ago a baby in Japan was grazed by a small meteorite. Little Chiu Kuriyama had been placed by her mother in the safest spot she could think of, the middle of their fenced-in garden. Suddenly Mrs. Kuriyama heard screams of pain and rushing to the garden found Chiu badly hurt. The baby was bleeding from a nasty gash in the neck about two inches long. The mother could not imagine how the child got hurt. Examining her closely, however, Mrs. Kuriyama found a curious object in the baby's little pocket. It was a black, irregularly shaped bit of metal about the size of a rifle bullet. It was still hot when she picked it up.

Mr. Seiiti Yamagimati, principal of the school and the most learned man in the village, inspected the object and declared it a meteorite. Experts at Tokio confirmed the finding and it reposes in Kyoto University. The child suffered no permanent ill effects.

In Chapter 10 of Book of Joshua is related how Joshua and the Israelites defeated the Amorites before the city of Gideon. The eleventh verse says:

"And it came to pass, as they (the Amorites) fled from before Israel, and were in the going down to Bethoron, that the Lord cast down great stones from Heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died; they were more which died with hailstones than they which the children of Israel slew with the sword."

The heavy artillery that slaughtered the fleeting Amorites is referred to as "great stones from the sky" and also as "hailstones." Modern Biblical scholars are inclined to agree with astronomers that the first of these descriptions is the right one.

The two greatest known meteorites are those which fell in Diablo Canyon, Arizona, and in the wastes of northern Siberia. The Arizona meteorite fell in prehistoric times. It struck the earth with such force that it buried itself in the ground so deeply that borings hundreds of feet deep have failed to strike the main body of the celestial visitor. The crater made in the earth at Coon Butte is today three-quarters of a mile in diameter and nearly 600 feet deep. It is estimated that the main mass of iron, nickle and other metals weighs 12,000,000 tons.

The great meteorite that came to earth in Siberia afforded scientists a much better opportunity to study the effects of these giant visitors from space.

The remains of the meteorite were scattered over an area more than two miles in diameter. This huge crater was punctured by the fragments which burst from the celestial visitor and plunged deep down into the earth and out of sight. The onward rush of the great mass of meteoric iron and other metals compressed the air in front of it. This compressed air, escaping with almost incredible power, stripped the forest trees of their branches and tore them up by their roots, stretching them on the ground in concentric circles.

So tremendous was the impact that the solid ground heaved outward in every direction in giant ridges, like waves in water. For a distance of from 10 to 15 miles around this central spot the countryside was scorched and charred as though by a gigantic blow torch. For an additional 10 or 20 miles on every side of the scorched area, making a total circle 50 to 60 miles in diameter, the great air-wave had laid down the trees in concentric circles.

The largest meteorite ever recovered is "Ahnighito," found in 1897 by Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary on an island in Melville Bay, Greenland, and named for his daughter, Marie Ahnighito Peary, the "Snow Baby." It weighs 36½ tons and is on view at the American Museum of Natural History.

The "Willamette," also in the American Museum of Natural History, is not only the most extraordinary in appearance of any meteorite, but is the largest that has been found in the United States. It was discovered in 1902 about 19 miles south of Portland, Oregon. It is 10 feet long, weighs 15½ tons and is deeply pitted on one side with great hollows, many large enough to hold a child, as shown by the illustration on this page.

Among the few meteorites whose history is definitely known is the "Forest City," also shown on this page surrounded by some of the smaller fragments found with it. The main body is nearly a foot-and-a-half high.

On Friday, May 2, 1890, at 5:15 p. m., a brilliant ball of fire shot across the sky from west to east in northern Iowa, its flight being accompanied by a noise likened to that of heavy cannonading or of thunder, and by scintillations like those of fireworks. This meteor was the "Forest City." It burst when it was about 11 miles northwest of Forest City, Winnebago County, and the fragments, more than a thousand of which have been recovered, were scattered over an area of a mile wide and two miles long.

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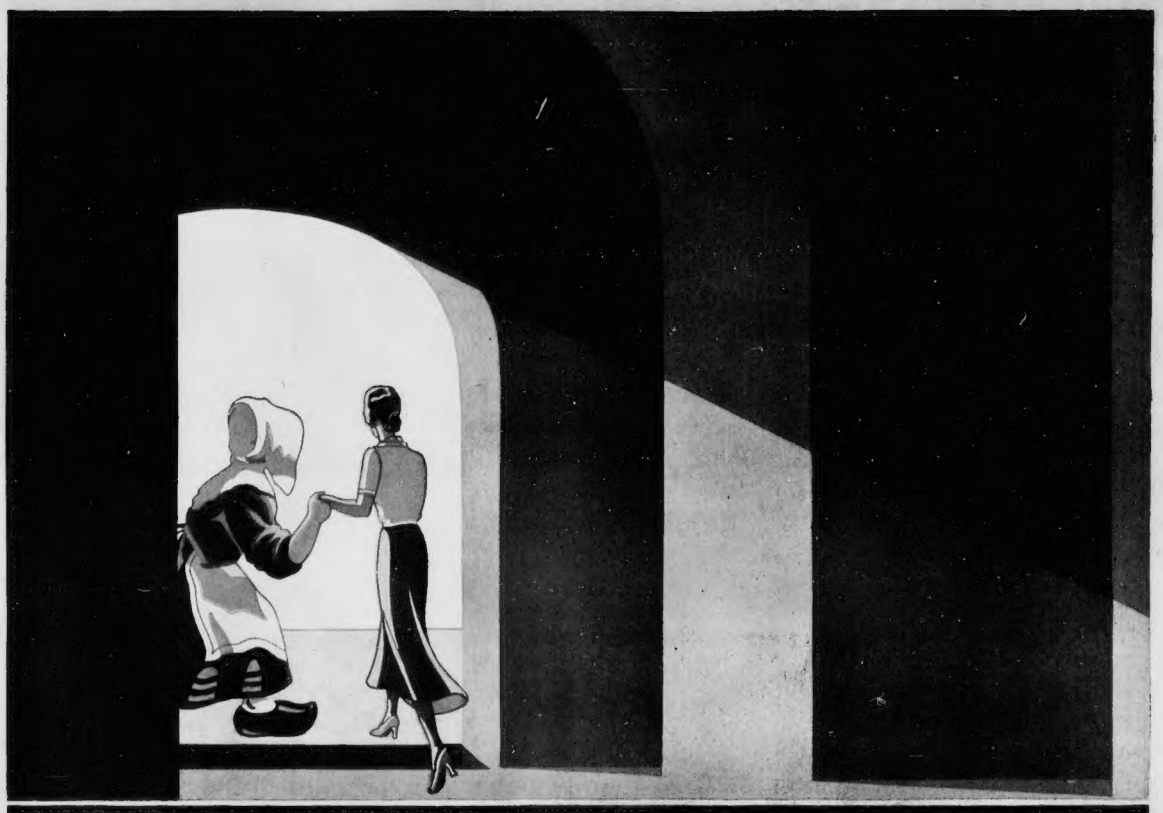

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It's a good practice to buy Old Dutch Cleanser three packages at a time. Keep it in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—in these handy service holders. You can obtain them easily. For each holder, clip the windmill panels from three Old Dutch Cleanser labels, and mail with 10c, your name and address.

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Please find enclosed_____cents and_____labels for which send me_____Old Dutch Holders.
Colors: IVORY ☐, GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

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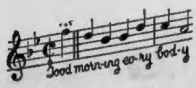

LISTEN to the Old Dutch Girl every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over 35 stations associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8:45 A. M. Eastern Time; 7:45 A. M. Central Time, 6:45 A. M. Mountain Time (STANDARD TIME)

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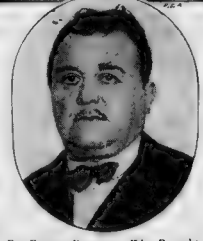
Why the Duck-Billed Savages of the Circus Were Sent Home

Children of the Jungle, Paid in Beads, They Soon Learned to Demand Money; Next They Insisted on Shoes and Polished Them for Hours; Delighted With the White Man's Plumbing They Took Endless Shower Baths—But When the Witch Doctor Chief Began to Talk About His Death Magic and Secret Poisons and Their Keeper Died With a Mysterious Red Spot; Then They Were Hustled Back to Africa

How a Ubangi Lady Eats Her Dinner.

Duck-Billed Belles Smoking and Drinking, in Spite of Their Overgrown Lips.



Dr. Eugene Bergonier, Who Brought the Savages From Their Home in the Jungle—and Is Believed by Many to Have Been Killed by the Witch-Doctor's Poison.

Front and Side View of a Circus Beauty of the Ubangi Tribe.

Chief M'Bulongwe, Witch-Doctor and Leader of the Circus Savages From Central Africa. He Demanded a Cap, Overcoat and Trousers, and Was Highly Delighted With His First Pair of Shoes Which He Polished Industriously for Hours at a Time.

THE Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus has finished its usual opening weeks of the season at Madison Square Garden in New York, and is now touring the country "on the road." And every man, woman and child, from the manager down to the employees who clean out the animal cages, is thankful that the troupe of African jungle savages, the "duck-billed" women and their husbands, are not with the show this year.

Not only were these primitive children of the bush an infernal nuisance all the time, but everybody was afraid of M'Bulongwe, the African chief and witch-doctor. By the rules of the tribe, he held the power of life and death over all members of the little group of twelve savages, and they never doubted that he could put any one of them "on the spot" by a magic spell.

But that was not all. The men and women of the tribe spread the news that he carried with him a poison which was quick and certain in any case where his magic and witchcraft failed to work. It was this unpleasant knowledge which worried the circus outfit very much as if they had been told that there was a poisonous snake loose somewhere in the tents or wagons. And, indeed, there is very little doubt among the circus company that the rascally witch-doctor used his jungle poison on Dr. Eugene Bergonier, the French traveler and explorer who brought the Ubangi natives to the United States and looked after them during their circus tour.

There were twelve of these Ubangi, eight of them women who were all married to some one of the four men, though nobody ever straightened out whose wives were which. There were complications enough without that. They were one of the greatest attractions the circus has ever had. Nothing like them had ever been seen in this country before and for good reasons probably never will be again.

The women are called "duck-billed" because it is the style of the tribe for girls, at the age of four, to start distending their lips with little pieces of wood, a process that is continued with bigger pieces until, in their late twenties, they are often able to carry a wooden disk a foot in diameter in their lower lips and one half as big in their upper. When they talk these disks hit together with a sound suggestive of the quacking of ducks. They have been called the original "lip-stick" ladies.

Dr. Bergonier had received these human curiosities as a loan from the Government of France, to which the tribe's territory, near Lake Chad, belongs. In making the deal with the natives themselves, there had been no talk of money because money has not yet penetrated that deep into the jungle. These blacks would not have known what it meant nor have been interested in the promise of a million dollars. However, glass beads, ten-cent store perfumes and necklaces were treasures they could appreciate and, on this basis, they were allowed to name their own terms.

The transactions between the explorer and the Ubangi were done through M'Bulongwe, their chief and witch-doctor, who guaranteed that the others would obey him because he had power of life and death over them. It turned out that this was true enough but the trouble was to make M'Bulongwe behave. Dr. Bergonier could not speak much of the Ubangi tongue and had to rely for an interpreter on his personal servant Hamad, a little, coal-black Senegalese.

This faithful fellow became terrified when he learned that M'Bulongwe was going along. The witch-doctor was a mean man, there surely would be trouble and he thought nothing of killing with his magic anyone who opposed him.

Dr. Bergonier had told Hamad not to worry because magic would not harm anyone who did not believe in it and he didn't. Bergonier knew, however, that these voodoo practicers, when their magic fails, resort to other methods but he thought he could handle them too.

Things were quiet enough coming over on the ship and the stay at Madison Square Garden passed without many difficulties, but then the troubles began. The Ubangi were delighted at first at the flattering interest of the New York crowds but soon became homesick and, at the end of the engagement at Madison Square Garden demanded to be taken back to Africa. This was contrary to the agreement and the circus would not hear of losing their star attraction. So, after the last New York performance Dr. Bergonier hired three taxi cabs for his charges and with Hamad in a fourth, followed them to the circus train which was waiting in Harlem.

Of course it would have been useless to ask any hotel or boarding house to take in a crowd of wild savages, but a circus, from long experience, is resourceful in such matters. It knows where to find accommodations for anything from a hippopotamus to a rattlesnake, and it rented space in an empty warehouse. There, on a concrete floor, covered with blankets and surrounded with bare brick walls, the Ubangi camped. On the boat the women had been taught to cook their fish and rice on little oil stoves such as Russian housewives use, instead of wood fires, and on the train they would have, all to themselves, a car with barred windows like a lion cage.

The warehouse owner had charged a high price on the theory that such wild people would be dirty and he would have to disinfect the place. They proved to be just the opposite, and in the end carried cleanliness to a point where it ceased to be a virtue. In the warehouse, however, their only damage was the wearing out of a lot of brooms and scrubbing brushes, things they had never seen before, in their interminable scrubbing and brushing of the perfectly clean floor.

When Dr. Bergonier's cab reached the train he found his twelve savages jabbering on the sidewalk and their three drivers watching them from a safe distance. All the way up the Ubangi had been beating on the windows and yelling something at the terrified drivers. Hamad now explained that it had been orders to drive them to a ship, any ship at all, because they wanted to go home.

They were finally pursuaded to enter their private car, but at each stop there was a new rebellion which Dr. Bergonier had to suppress in one way or another. In New York the Ubangi had become money conscious. The witch-doctor had been given the job of selling picture post cards of his duck-billed beauties and taught to make change up to a dollar. Until that time he had thought money was like tickets, bills and baggage checks, just a part of the white man's red tape. Now he observed that these little pieces of metal had a high value in the white man's eyes. Why were they so sacred and why did Dr. Bergonier take his day's receipts away from him each night?

He made Hamad, who feared him as much as any of the Ubangi, explain. These were the things that the white men worked all the week to collect. If one had enough he could buy anything in New York, even the big buildings and glass beads. M'Bulongwe promptly insisted on keeping every cent he took in after that, and that Dr. Bergonier supply him with cards free, otherwise the twelve would not appear.

It was done and the Ubangi carried back to Africa every dime that passed into the witch-doctor's palm. In Chicago they became clothes conscious, which was worse. The duck-billed ladies had been fascinated by the clothes of the women who stared at them and clamored to be dressed the same way. The chief could have shut them up with a word, but he and the other men had gotten interested in masculine attire and there was another revolt. The Frenchman bought four suits of $22.50 clothes, with an extra pair of pants, shoes, shirts, neckties and derby hats for the males and looked up a bargain sale of cheap dresses for the women, together with high-heeled slippers, silk stockings and "angel-face" hats that were just then going out of style. Fortunately nobody bothered them about lingerie. The result each for the gods but everybody was happy.

Not for long, however. The Ubangi were so pleased with their new outfits that they insisted on wearing it all at the circus instead of their native costume consisting of only a loin cloth. This demand was impossible and the explorer had his first serious quarrel with the witch-doctor. From then on Hamad began to fear for his master's life and to pass his fears along to the rest of the circus folk. Finally the trouble was compromised by letting the Africans wear something on their feet. Of all the white folks' clothes, shoes fascinated these savages the most.

All their spare time the male Ubangi had been polishing and repolishing their shoes and the females had been getting cramps in their calves from learning to walk on the high heels. The men's shoes had to be squeaky and M'Bulongwe's had to be the squeakiest of all. Such footgear on almost naked savages would be ridiculous and so Dr. Bergonier bought twelve pairs of gaudy Indian moccasins.

Immediately there was another riot because they were all alike and the witch-doctor, being their chief, must have something fancier that the rest. He got it, but still there was discontent. The wretched moccasins could not be made to squeak nor shine no matter how hard they tried. They felt they had been swindled.

This moccasin question caused such a fuss one Saturday, in Chicago, that almost by force the twelve had to be crowded into a van, the doors locked and the turbulent blacks driven to the circus. But M'Bulongwe had learned something else about clothes. While Dr. Bergonier would not let them appear in full white-folk's attire, he was, for some reason which they could not understand, even more insistent that they must wear that little loin cloth. Very well, just for that, they would all take it off and see what he would do about it. When the doors of the truck were opened out burst twelve yelling and stark naked Ubangi. The consternation was all that the witch-doctor had hoped for.

For a while their minds were diverted from shoes to another nuisance. As already mentioned, they were exemplary as far as cleanliness is concerned and properly enough asked and received one or two baths each day. As long as these were in a tub they were pleased at having both hot and cold water pour in miraculously at the turn of a tap, but they were not immoderate in their demands until one unlucky day they discovered a shower bath. Except for squeaky and high-heeled shoes nothing in America delighted these Africans like that simple invention. From then on they all had to have about three hours under the showers every week day and much more on Sunday.

M'Bulongwe discovered that Dr. Bergonier was paid for their appearances and demanded that all the money be given to him. The trouble over that became so serious that Hamad warned his master that the witch-doctor had started the death-magic against him. The explorer pretended to laugh but he knew that unless he died the witch-doctor would lose his reputation. The Frenchman was careful to keep at a distance from M'Bulongwe and to see that he could not get at his food. With these precautions he thought he was safe.

He managed to escape till the end of the season, when the circus was on its way to Florida Winter quarters. Then a red spot and a spreading inflammation appeared on his [illegible], followed by [illegible] in spite of all the doctors could do. In dead of what was called [illegible].

The witch-doctor insisted on having all the [illegible] and took more than a he lay cold in death. The dying man said from the [illegible] that he was [illegible] and that [illegible] by [illegible] how on [illegible] was [illegible] Hamad' peculiar behavior after the spot appeared convinced the circus people that the witch-doctor terrorized the [illegible] into touching his master [illegible] with the point of a [illegible]. The Ubangi were promptly [illegible] and Dr. Bergonier and Hamad went with them [illegible] if they ever [illegible] with the circus again that witch-doctor will not be with them.

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Secrets of London's Most Noto

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter of M of Her Mother's Often-Rai Resorts, Reveals Episode With the Rich and Fa

The Countess of Kinnoull, Daughter of the Famous Mrs. Kate Meyrick, and Herself One of the Best Known Characters in London's Night Club Life.

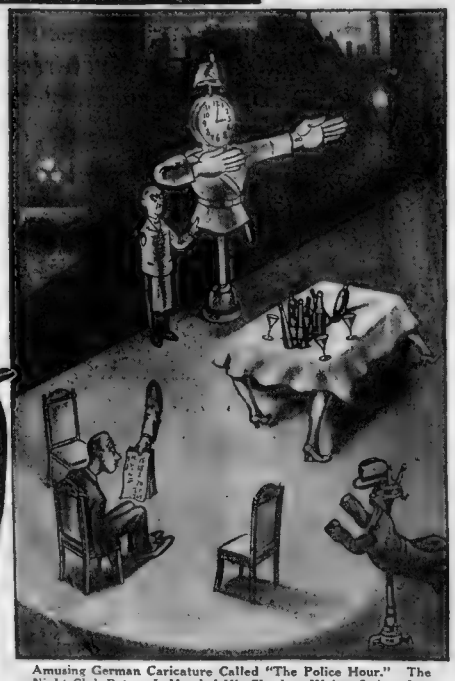
Mrs. Kate Meyrick Behind the Office Desk at Her Fashionable "43 Club."

NEXT to Her Majesty the Queen, perhaps woman's name is better known in Lon than Mrs. Kate Meyrick, proprietor several famous night-clubs, and who has three t served a prison term for defying the law of ser liquor and keeping open after hours.

And while the illustrious mother was in prison seclusion, Miss May Meyrick, her daug managed the clubs.

In these most exciting meeting grounds of upper circles and the underworld, where champ splashes the walls and there is enough ice in cocktail shakers to take care of a fever hosp Miss May met and soon r ried Lord Kinnoull. Thus Night Club Queen's daug

The Dissolute Luis Ferdinand de Bourbon, Cousin of King Alfonso of Spain. The Prince Was Hoodwinked Into Marrying a Night Club Girl, Who Thus Acquired the Coveted Title of "Princess."



Amusing German Caricature Called "The Police Hour." The Night Club Patron Is Handed His Check, a Waiter Swings Into View a Dummy Policeman With a Clock Face Set at 3 A. M. and a Hand Pointing to the Door, While the Table With Four Feminine Legs Starts to Leave the Room and the Man's Hat and Overcoat Beckon to Him. But in the Night Club Managed by Mrs. Meyrick and the Countess of Kinnoull No Such Annoying Spectres Disturb the Distinguished Guests.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull

Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin, Baroness Hay of Kinfauns, Baroness Hay of Balhouse and Baroness Hay of Pedwardine.

CHAPTER I.

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I WILL never forget the look of astonishment on the real estate agent's face when my mother, Mrs. Kate Meyrick, said: "This will do nicely."

The three of us were standing with flickering candles, among the puddles on the cellar floor of an old provision store at 43 Gerrard Street, about 300 yards from Piccadilly Circus, London. The aged building smelled of dampness, oil, boxwood, decaying odds and ends of vegetables, mixed with many other odors. The agent thought Mother must be crazy to hope she could make a successful night club from such forbidding premises. I almost thought so, too.

But Mother had the imagination of genius. In her nostrils was already the alluring scent that is only to be bought in tiny fifty-dollar bottles. Where the man and I saw only rats and mildew, she visioned what was indeed to come, the most famous night club in the world, a throng of Dukes, Earls, Princes, Baronets, millionaires from America, celebrities from everywhere, royalty, and—most important of all—the women.

They are what count, beautiful, brilliant creatures, eager eyes aglint with champagne and that stronger stimulant, the hunting instinct. Most of all Mother saw these in her mind, for they are the mainspring, the prime mover of the successful night club, these hunting women, hunting for wealth, titles, social position. So compelling is that hunting instinct that when these huntresses have captured what they want in the form of a husband it is hard for them to stop. Often as not, these Dianas turn around and hunt another, no better.

Mother visioned all this, including a titled husband for me, her daughter, and even that was fulfilled. Finally the agent managed to say the only favorable thing he could, that it was a good location.

"Yes," Mother replied, "and that is all, except the four walls. But out of this sow's ear I will make a silk purse."

And she did, a purse from which flowed much gold and a fame that spread from Asia to the Argentine. I helped Mother run that "43 Club" and really believe it was one of the most fascinating places in the world. Few people understand the fascination they sometimes find in one of these resorts, for there are clubs and clubs. Some miss it entirely and, to quote Shakespeare, are "Like a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." In such places it is almost pathetic to watch the guests trying to get into the spirit of the thing and wondering why they can't.

There is an old joke about an American who called a suave night-club waiter to his table and asked

"Am I having a good time?"

That might really have happened in some clubs, but not at the "43," because it was always electric with the thrill of the hunt, a happy hunting ground for women. The men are happy to be hunted, though their happiness is sometimes short-lived, after they are caught. Many males, even in this enlightened day, still fondly imagine they are the hunters. What romances, divorces, tragedies, stratagems and spoils I have seen hatched in that wonderful incubator!

I was to see Royalty amusing itself recklessly, duchesses outvamping women who were frankly ladies of fortune. To the accompaniment of jazz music, the frou-frou of Paris gowns, the click of champagne in ice buckets, I was to see the destinies of some of Britain's oldest and most aristocratic families strangely altered, those who should and those who should not, fall under the mating spell, romances and mesalliances flower and explode and strange madness grip more than one of Europe's most staid and respected personalities in that cellar once infested by rats. Truly indeed, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and I might almost say, virtue, too. Under certain circumstances men will make a Venus out of a Gorgon, a Madonna out of a Magdalen and also a Magdalen out of a Madonna.

Outside, we changed nothing except to repaint in blue the door and window surroundings. There is no glittering awning nor spread of electric lamps to distinguish the "43 Club" from its surroundings. The large windows, like those of any ordinary restaurant, are plain and curtains prevent one from seeing through them.

Inside the doorway in the passage is the office, where guests and visitors sign in and pay the entrance fees. The cloakrooms are on this floor towards the back and then facing are the stairs leading down to the one-time cellar, now the dance room.

Several night club proprietors had looked at the premises before Mother did, and they had turned them down as impossible. Mother saw farther than they did. She made that cellar into a room with large mirrors on the walls, a perfect dancing floor, a band platform at the far end from the foot of the stairs, an alcove at the other end, and, of course, tables around the dancing floor. Ventilation was our greatest problem, and before she had finished Mother spent several thousand dollars on this alone.

That, then, is the "43 Club," the foundation of the many enterprises of my mother in the night club business and of her reputation—perhaps more widely known than any in the world—as "The Night Club Queen." It was the forerunner of those other clubs, such as "The Little" in Golden Square, which I came to manage on my own, and "The Manhattan" and "The Broadway."

For myself, I got into the limelight both as Miss May Meyrick and as Countess of Kinnoull. As assistant to my mother in running the clubs and as a girl, who, after being educated at Roedean, the feminine equivalent of Eton in England, later married a peer with five titles. That surprised some people.

We had our club; the next thing was to get patrons. The quick and obvious way, of course, was a big electric light sign and plenty of advertising. This would have brought the curious Tom, Dick and Harry, but we would have had just another ordinary night club, full of nobodies. As I have said, we did nothing to distinguish the outside of the house except to exhibit the number. The psychology of this, of course, was to give the general public the correct impression that it was not wanted, that the club was as exclusive as Buckingham Palace, and, in some ways, it was. Mother never kept "open house."

As nothing is more depressing than an almost empty night club, we were faced with the problem of being exclusive and yet filled up, though nobody knew about us. This was achieved by starting in as a subscription supper and dance resort. Mother engaged an ex-army officer, installed in a little office across the street, where arrangements were made and tickets sold. These dances were great successes, because Mother made them so. Everyone went away feeling that they had discovered a place where joy was unconfined, and yet things did not quite go too far. It takes the finest judgment and most adroit management to draw the line.

The fame of the place spread in just the right way, everyone telling it as a discovery of his own and there were other ways. Social secretaries of the elite, if approached in the right way, are useful. Between the dances, much as we needed the cash, nobody could get in for love or money, but there was always someone at the door to make note of how many and how important these would-be guests were. They were turned away with the impression that something unspeakably exclusive was going on inside.

When my mother judged that the stream of these callers was sufficiently large she opened the place as a full-fledged night club but exclusive to the Nth degree. When a car stopped at the curb, a signal brought Mother or me to the peephole, and while the door guardian engaged the arrivals in conversation, we studied them and gave the guardian a secret yes or no signal. Men and women with titles and great wealth were astonished to find that they could not get in unless we knew them personally or someone already inside would vouch for them. To be welcome at No. 43 soon became something to boast about.

The more difficult we made it, the more personages who had the entree to everything in Mayfair insisted on their right to come in unchallenged and, of course, we recognized their rights. Yet, at the start, they all had to bring their own liquor just as in the land of prohibition. Later we got a liquor license.

...rious Night Club

...rs. Meyrick, and Manager ...ded Supper and Dance ...s Behind the Scenes ...shionable Patrons

...no ...don ...of ...mes ...ing ...her ...ter, ...the ...gne ...the ...tal, ...nar- ...the ...ter

became a member of the British Peerage; indeed, another daughter, Miss Dorothy Meyrick, also married a Peer, Lord de Clifford.

"Lady May," the Countess of Kinnoull, has lived in the artificial glitter of night club life ever since she graduated from fashionable Roedean School, and knows everybody of wealth and title in and out of England. She has met the best and the worst of people, and has watched the ebb and flow of life and the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation and scandal which sometimes cast the victims into the divorce courts, financial ruin or a suicide's grave.

The Countess of Kinnoull now draws aside the curtain of secrecy and reveals many extraordinary incidents in the famous night-clubs owned and managed by Mrs. Meyrick and herself.

Molly pretended to have had too much champagne at the club to dare to go home, and thus she persuaded Lord D. to take her to his apartment. Suddenly the bell rang and an actress friend of Molly's, who, strangely enough, occupied the apartment overhead, stood at the door as His Lordship, in his pajamas, answered the bell.

"I'm terribly sorry to trouble you," she said. "I've just got home from a party and when I got upstairs I found my one and only clock had stopped Do be a dear and tell me the time."

Just then a radiant vision, in something that must have cost a lot in one of the Rue de la Paix lingerie shops, stepped forth from another bedroom into the hall of the flat, in full view of the lady at the door.

"Molly!" screamed the actress, "by all that's miraculous, how long has this been going on? May I come in?"

It was not long before the 43 became the re...rt of half the society folk in the West End of ...ondon and gradually I got to know not only the ...ames and faces of all kinds of celebrities but a ...at deal about their affairs as well.

When the most highly placed people in Lon...on wanted to cease being decorous, when they ...ere tired of the stodginess of Mayfair mansions ...nd wanted to make whoopee and hit the high ...pots, they voted for the "43" as the place to go to.

In England we have a child's game called ...Grab." It consists of getting hold of as many of ...our opponents' cards as you can. I have seen it ...layed in everyone of our night clubs, but instead ...f cards they played with husbands and wives. ...nmarried women trying to grab a husband; ...the man happened to be someone else's al...ready, it didn't matter in the least. Married ...women, tired of one husband, trying to grab a ...ond one, especially if he had a better position ...ll more money than their present husband.

As an example of the latter type, take Molly, ...e Honorable Mrs. G. When she began to come ...wn to the "43 Club" and The Manhattan she ...s the pretty, little, blonde wife of the younger ...n of an earl. She had started her career in the ...ack row of a revue chorus and she had decided ...o end up in the front row of Society.

Molly had done pretty well for herself, prob...ly as well as she had any right to hope, and ...e should have been content, or, at least, have ...een cautious about risking the bird she had in ...and for bigger and better ones on the bush. It ...s in my opinion, based on watching the game ...ght after night, that one of the main weak...esses of my sex is overconfidence.

Just because Molly had captivated an earl's ...ounger son, she was quite sure she could catch ...ybody. Therefore, she looked upon her hus...and as merely a stepping stone to higher and ...obler mates. In two years this once obscure ...horus girl had come to consider herself above ...e mere title of "The Honorable Mrs. G." and ...lt she ought to be "Lady Something or other." ...othing less than a lord would satisfy her.

I saw the hunting light in Molly's eye as her ...evoted husband led her into the club. Before ...e night was over she had met and sufficiently ...pressed Lord D. so that he soon met her there ...ain, unembarrassed by her husband's presence. ...at husband may have identified Lord D. and ...roduced them, but there were other ways. ...hen a lady goes to the ladies' room of a night ...b she may have more important things on her ...nd than powdering her nose. There are tele...ones in that room and the attendants, for a ...nsideration, will find out for her who's who, ...o he is with among the other guests and why. ...e information is collected from the waiters, ...e door man, the professional dancing partners ...d sometimes even from the taxi drivers.

This intelligence department is necessary in ...ell-run club to prevent unpleasant scenes. No ...n, on entering, likes to say:

"I don't want my wife to know I am out with ...is lady. If she comes, let me know so we can ...p out."

It is our business to know that anyway and, ...ould necessity arise, to perform that service ...r our patron unasked. Before she took steps to ...eet Lord D., Molly undoubtedly knew that he ...as 54 years old, 20 years her senior, that he was ...essed with heaps of money and had just been ...vorced by his wife after a little affair in Deau...ille with a world-famous dancer. Molly's hus...nd, being in the army, happened just then to ...e sent to Cairo, which left the coast clear for her ...work on Lord D., which she did with visible ...ccess.

She danced every night with D., and Molly ...uld dance, of course. It was what she had ...en trained to by an old aunt who had been a ...ncer herself and who saw in Molly a nice com...rtable means of income for her old age.

D. opened up his pocket as well as his heart to Molly. One night I met her in the cloakroom, I noticed her wearing a truly wonderful pearl necklace. She saw my eyes on it.

"Isn't it a beauty, Miss Meyrick?" she said. "Freddy gave it to me." Freddy, I understood, was Lord D.

I kept an interested eye on them that night. About midnight D. had got all lit up with wine. He was dancing with Molly and holding her as I imagine a grizzly bear would hold his female partner or his worst enemy. Molly was one of the girls who do not believe in leaving much to the imagination in the way of garb. No armor casing in her make-up. D. was having the time of his middle-aged life, and Molly knew it, saw to it that the spell continued and decided to strike while the iron was hot.

About three o'clock in the morning, I glanced over at the table where they sat and I was surprised to see that while D. had become comparatively sober, Molly now appeared very much the opposite. I had never seen her like that before. She was that kind of girl who let other people empty their glasses while she kept her own standing so the waiter could not refill it.

Later I remembered that at the moment this had struck me as a bit queer. I knew Molly would stop at nothing to land the owner of this title and wealth in her net, but she was too shrewd to think intoxication was a helpful method. Sober women lead intoxicated husbands to the altar who would shy at it in their sober senses, but intoxicated women don't get very far in that direction. However, I had other things to distract my attention and only hoped she would not get any worse.

At last the pair got up and Molly clutched hard at D's arm to steady herself and leaned on him while they left the room. I followed her to the cloakroom and stood aside while the attendant helped her to put on her cloak. Then I noticed that she seemed to have sobered up very suddenly. That struck me as queer again. She caught my glance and immediately she went all floppy again.

At the door Lord D. came up and to me aside he said: "Miss Meyrick, Molly seems to have had one over the eight tonight. I'm wondering what I'd better do about her. What do you think?"

"Take her to her home," I said. "And I should do so as quickly as possible." I was not anxious that she should stay any longer in the club. I had doubts about the genuineness of her "illuminated" condition but, in any case, it was good advice and there would have been no trouble if he had followed it. But he didn't, and so, four months later, the list of divorce actions showed that Molly's husband was divorcing her and naming Lord D. as co-respondent. This was exactly what Molly had wanted to happen and yet the next time I saw her she lacked that glorified cat-that-has-eaten-the-canary expression I looked for. In fact she looked right down-hearted. This is what had happened.

Molly and D. went off that night in a taxi from the club. They had not gone far when Molly, with her head on the Earl's shoulder and with a lot of seeming difficulty in speech had said:

"Freddy dear, I can't go home. I won't go home. Auntie would kill me if she saw me like... like this. I know I'm tight. Auntie is awful about drinkin'. When she came to stay with me after Bobby went to Egypt, she wanted to make me go tee-total. Freddy, what'm I goin' to do? Oh, listen, dear old thing, tell you what. Put me up for the night at your flat. No one'll know. You're alone."

Lord D. didn't take to the idea at all at first. But Molly's blonde head drooping on his shoulder, Molly's seemingly hopeless plight and her reiterated terror at what "auntie might say or do" got him to agree at last. He took her to his flat in a big block near Park Lane, where he lived alone except for a valet who came each morning and went away at night.

There should not really have been any danger either to D's or Molly's reputation. Molly was given a spare room into which she flopped, seemingly not recovered from her "night out."

Now was it just a strange coincidence that an actress who was a particular friend of Molly's should have had the flat above D's? I can't say definitely. At any rate, at five in the morning the bell of D's flat rang. He went to the door and found his actress-neighbor on the landing.

"I'm terribly sorry to trouble you," she said. "I've just got home from a party and when I got upstairs I found my one and only clock had stopped. Do be a dear and tell me the time."

Lord D., half asleep, went shuffling back in his pajamas to his bedroom to consult his watch. Just then a radiant vision, in something that must have cost a lot in one of the Rue de la Paix lingerie shops, stepped forth from another bedroom into the hall of the flat, in full view of the lady at the door.

"Molly!" screamed the actress, "by all that's miraculous, how long has this been going on? May I come in?"

As nobody was there to stop her, she did go in. Lord D. was most unhappy over the situation, but since the girls were such good old friends, he felt sure that word of the compromising situation need go no further. However, it went far and fast to Cairo and the actress was the chief witness in Mr. G's divorce suit. How that happened I will give masculine readers three guesses, feminine ones will need only one.

Poor old Lord D. guessed right, too, or someone of another sex put him right. Anyway, as soon as the divorce papers were served on him, he packed up and departed for a prolonged lion hunt in Africa. The big cats, he decided, were not the most dangerous ones. As for Molly, she "fell between two stools" as the saying goes and is now neither Lady D. nor even Mrs. G. The last time I saw her she was a professional dancing partner in a London night club, not one of ours, let me say.

Molly was still a-hunting but with a somewhat discouraged eye. Everybody has heard about her little misadventure which makes things hard for Molly. "Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."

Again permit me to speak from my abundant observation. Men are indeed astonishingly gullible in letting women pull the wool over their eyes. But rarely are they as stupid as they appear and I will tell you why.

If a man is in love with a woman or even if he is not but is married to her and she tells him something he suspects is a falsehood, what can he do? He must either pretend to accept the statement at face value or imply a doubt—but to imply a doubt means that she will challenge his doubt, for a woman can be relied upon to make such a thing a personal issue with emotional fireworks and in a moment he has about the same situation on his hands as if he had called her a liar. Few men will precipitate such a scene without proof, and their pretending to believe confirms the women in their idea that they can get away with anything.

But the doubt remains, and he slowly adds new ones to the score. It is almost incredible how many straws it takes to break the camel's back, but nobody is more surprised than the woman herself when she lays on the last and fatal straw, perhaps the smallest of all, and sees him reach for his hat.

Sad examples like Molly, who get nothing for their grabbing but burned fingers, do not discourage the others who have before their eyes the rich prizes which the more successful carry off in triumph. In Clapham, known to the fashionable world for its railroad junction and little else except its crowded and narrow streets, lived two young sisters, daughters of a small inkeeper. Having neither money, clothes, social background nor friends except laborers, there seemed no chance for either of those girls even to get into the night-life hunting ground, much less to capture anything in it.

Except for being healthy and fairly good-looking, the pair had no assets or advantages. But once more they proved that you can't keep down a person with real ambition. Those two lowly maidens managed to become Princesses without the help of any fairy godmother. One of them made her grab right under my nose in the "43 Club," the other before she got there.

The older sister read that Prince Luis of Bourbon, a relative of the King of Spain, was staying at a hotel in Folkstone. With such little money as she could borrow, the girl bought just one good outfit of clothes from the skin out and went to that hotel. She had learned from the papers that this Prince Luis was about the most disreputable and outrageous man of any prominence in Europe. He was so abominable that King Alfonso banished him from Spain, declared his titles forfeit and forbade anyone to mention Luis' name in the Royal presence.

Luis, however, kept right on "wearing his titles" and outside of his native country nobody seemed to question them much. But when his morals became so depraved that France took exception to them also, the world realized that he must be rather dubious material for a husband. The publican's daughter knew all this but she saw that he was still called Prince Luis of Bourbon. Furthermore, he was a Catholic and therefore could never divorce her—IF she could

Continued on Page 14

Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night Club

(Continued from Double Page)

change of clothes or enough money to stay more than two days at the hotel to win and woo a Prince. But "faint heart ne'er won fair lady" and the principle is true of the feminine sex when it goes shopping. Without much trouble she recognized His Highness by his pictures and the first day followed him around unobserved, waiting for an opportunity to grab him. That evening, she saw him sit down alone near the corner of the veranda. At once the girl scampered around, took a seat the other side of the corner and began to sob loudly.

Prince Luis, hearing feminine weeping, investigated and beheld a rather well-dressed young girl apparently sobbing her heart out in the moonlight. The notorious rake, then about 15 years old, was enough interested to ask what was the matter. She sobbed out that her parents were cruel, she had run away from home, herself. Luis expressed sympathy, pulled her out of her eyes, enough to see that she was rather goodlooking and expressed more sympathy. This seemed to touch her for she impulsively threw her arm around him and wept on his manly pigeon breast.

Luis was an exile and a disgrace. His family had turned its back on him, he was broke for the moment and it pleased him to comfort and pet the young weeper. After a while he came to desire the girl, whom he called "Niobe," because she was ill tears, and invited her up to room.

No, Niobe was a good girl and would not do anything like that, but she was bent on jumping in the ocean because nobody loves her. Luis then told her who he was, but, to his surprise, that did not seem to make any difference. Most all night she wept and he petted and pleaded without avail. At 4 a. m. he left her, after obtaining a promise not to commit suicide until he had seen her again that morning. In the course of the day they were married.

Stranger things have happened, but not many.

For about a month she made him take her about the night clubs, including, of course, the "43," where I saw them often. She managed to get herself thoroughly introduced and the Princess of Bourbon and then the Bourbon family woke up, reached a long and powerful arm across the Channel, seized their scapegrace section and locked him up in a mental hospital on the Continent. They could not procure a divorce, but they did get the marriage annulled.

That incongruous romance was over, but for a while she had been a Princess and was still a relative by an annulled marriage to the King of Spain. Her temporary husband was the most notorious member of any royal family, but, disturbing though it might be, the perfume of the title "Princess" lingered on. She had become a real personage in London's night life. American millionaires especially were proud to sit at the same table with a near-Bourbon and annulled relative of a reigning King. The glamor of it even brought her sister into such prominence that she was able to marry an Egyptian Prince, who later committed suicide, but left her a more or less permanent Princess in good standing. The sister's grabbing I saw done right under my nose at the "43 Club."

There, too, Niobe set her cap at Lord Kinnoull, my present husband, to whom I was not then engaged. He was not really interested, just curious, as nothing came of that. The late Avery Hopwood, famous American playwright, became much interested, not in Niobe's looks, but in her audacious and ambitious character, which had moved the girl to make her successful flying leap at a young Prince who should have seemed as inaccessible to her as the moon. Hopwood told me he meant to make her the central character in a new play, but after due thought decided that nobody would believe such a character was real. Later, she withdrew from night life, and, I am told, married a wealthy Australian sheep owner. Anything is possible in that game of husband grabbing.

Among the grabbers there was always a type which Mother and I called the "cold vamp." The cold ones, like any other kind, might or might not have a heart of stone beneath their dainty corsage. This specimen I am about to tell about had a tender and self-sacrificing heart. She was cold only in the sense that men did not attract her.

It is well known that women may be technically beautiful in feature, complexion and form and yet lack that mysterious something known as sex-appeal or "IT." Also, women who have scarcely a feature that even a lover would call beautiful, are sometimes packed full of that valuable attraction. But all men and most women have the notion that because a woman is heavily charged with the fascinating appeal she must be a warm and passionate creature. This ought to be true, but I happen to know that it is not. Some of the most effective vamps I have ever seen would have much preferred to have been old maids, but cruel Fate frustrated their ambition.

On evening while Mother was upstairs on duty as immigration inspectress at the peephole, I was straightening out a little misunderstanding about the size of a check when a sudden silence made me realize that something was wrong. It was between dances and the band was quiet for the moment, but all the clink and rattle of eating and drinking had ceased, every waiter had frozen in his tracks, every woman was speechless. I whirled around, prepared to see anything from an archangel to the devil himself, though neither could have gotten past Mother without proper introduction from the right people.

What I beheld was a couple descending the stairs. The man was just a middle-aged, wealthy engineer, in no way interesting or unusual. With him was one of the most breath-taking beauties I ever knew. She had copper-colored hair, a skin of milk and roses, the figure of a manikin, but above and beyond all this she radiated IT. Every woman was stunned with the same thought—that here was some one who could take any man away from her without effort. A glance at the men's faces confirmed the impression.

As soon as they had time to recover their faculties, every man in the room began to make plans to dance with the newcomer, but her escort saw to it that they did nothing of the kind. He might not have succeeded so well if all the other women had not ably assisted him in his policy of seclusion. This was repeated every evening for a week, and during that time Mother and I had become quite well acquainted with them on account of their exclusiveness toward the others. Of course, the man was head over heels in love—he would have been a queer one if he hadn't been. One evening he explained to me that Miss R. was an orphan and that he was being a father to her. This was said with a laugh to show that he was not trying to fool me.

That same night I happened to see the engineer lean over his table and try to kiss his lovely companion, but she decisively repulsed him. Later she approached me in the cloak room, evidently thinking the incident called for an explanation, and said:

"I hope you won't take any notice of what you saw at the table, Miss Meyrick. It was only that Charlie was trying to be a little too loving. He's a good sort and he's been awfully kind to me. As a matter of fact, I don't mind telling you between ourselves, he's given me about $1,500 worth of presents up till now in jewelry."

"Don't worry about what happened at the table," I told her. "It has nothing to do with me and, in any case, I don't take any notice here of things like that." But as I spoke, I could not help noticing that she had not a scrap of jewelry on her except one little pendant which certainly was worth nothing near $1,500. I wondered to myself what she did with those presents, because, in my experience, most girls who go to night clubs are only too anxious to wear all the jewelry they can to outdo the others.

I got the explanation from Miss R. herself. She had come to an arrangement with a West End jeweler that she would take anyone to him who wanted to buy her a present. Then she would return the article later and get the money for it, less 10 per cent commission to the jeweler. I came to hear that in six months this girl—who, mind you, was the quietest and most prudish thing imaginable in her own home and kept her small house running like a Baptist churchwoman — had collected over $20,000 worth of jewelry which she had handed back to the shop and received cash for.

This sounds like a greedy and sordid case of gold digging at its worst, but it was not. Her father, a man with a big income, had placated his wife by letting her spend every cent and then had inconsiderately died. Finding herself penniless, the mother had folded her hands and entered a sanitarium for life. This left Miss R. to take care of her expenses and those of her two young brothers at Eton. Miss R. would like to have become a librarian or some other nice old-maidish job, but she did the only thing that would furnish $5,000 a year for the boys and take care of Mamma. So there she was, a frigid but successful vamp, feared and admired by all the others.

I mentioned this phenomenon to an Edinburgh professor. Of course, a professor or any other learned man, when he puts on evening clothes, talks piffle like the rest, but that is because he knows it is expected of him. For some unaccountable reason, only poets, novelists, playwrights, painters and sculptors are allowed to "talk shop" in society.

"The existence of this type is a known scientific fact," said the professor.

"You mean to say that solemn science has taken time to study such frivolous things as vamps?" I bantered.

"Certainly," said he, "any subject is a proper study for science and a theory has been worked out to account for the seeming anomaly of a cold woman being surcharged with appeal for the opposite sex."

The professor gave due credit to several learned German investigators whose names I have duly forgotten and then went on:

"Nature cares nothing for the individual, only for species. If a woman lacks things that tend to make her have children, she is not likely to be represented in the next generation and her kind soon dies out of the race. Women in the past, who had no desire to mate, tended to eliminate themselves, which is why today the normal woman is born with a natural dread of being an old maid.

"But when a girl happens to be born with beauty and an overpowering amount of sex-appeal, no matter how cold she might be, there was small chance to escape the pursuit of the young men and her parents' pressure to marry well. Finally, in despair, she would choose one of the suitors in order to get rid of the others and being unhampered by emotion, she probably chose well. That is why the type still persists."

Superstition and the belief in omens that bring good and bad luck are, I believe, as strong today as they were five thousand years ago or even earlier. They say that women are more superstitious than men, but I have my doubts about that. Gamblers all believe in omens. They think it is good luck to meet a red headed girl, an idiot, a piebald horse, a hunchback, a white cat or a dwarf. They think it is equally bad luck to meet a whistling girl, a crow flying east, a cross-eyed man, a black cat, a one-horned cow or a chimney sweep. Some of them carry with them purple glass pigs and many other mascots.

Some of the leading fashionable women of London have just held a pageant of the superstitions in which they all believe more or less. Beautiful Lady Hamilton Grant gave a striking representation of the superstition about spilling the salt, which goes back to the days of the Roman Empire. The Hon. Mrs Evan Morgan gave a very attractive impersonation of the opal, that notoriously unlucky stone. Miss Betty Hulton, daughter of Sir Edward Hulton, enacted the peculiar superstition that crossed table knives mean misfortune. The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt went as the still more peculiar superstition that three candles burning in a bunch bring terrible disaster. Most of the other old superstitions were there very charmingly impersonated, and the returns went to charity.

Wherever there is much wine, woman and song there will come tragedy. Next week I will tell of a triple tragedy that trailed through the "43 Club."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Just do this

and hair will vanish ..quickly.. ..safely..

To remove naughty hair from arms and legs just do this. Pat surface lightly with De Miracle. Wait two minutes. Now bathe away hair with cool water. De Miracle leaves your skin smooth, clean, youthful, and free of hair. Women, careful of appearances, have relied on this simple De Miracle treatment for 30 years.

Insist on the genuine De Miracle. Comes in three easy sizes, 35 and $1.

Ask for De Miracle at your druggist or department store. Or, mail $1 and we will send you a bottle immediately, postpaid. De Miracle, Dept B 5, 138 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

De Miracle Washes away hair

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

"Keep YOUTH throughout the years!" says JACK MULHALL

JACK MULHALL one of Hollywood's most talented actors has some interesting things to say about feminine charm

"Youth is a delightful, fascinating thing," says Jack Mulhall. "It is certainly a woman's most endearing charm.

"And nowadays *birthdays* don't seem to matter at all! A woman keeps that glowing, youthful charm at almost any age!

"Every day here in Hollywood I meet actresses famous for their charm—more alluring now than they were ten or even fifteen years ago!

"I should think every woman would learn their complexion secret. Youthful skin should always be guarded carefully for the alluring thing it is."

The stage and screen stars *do* keep complexions youthful through the years! Theirs is the charm that birthdays cannot steal.

How 9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars guard Complexion Beauty

Important actresses the world over—in Hollywood (605 of the 613 there!)—on Broadway—in Europe—use Lux Toilet Soap for *every* type of skin.

This fragrant, very white soap is found in theater dressing rooms *everywhere*—is the official soap in *all* the great film studios. *Your* skin will love it, too!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

A drop stops Pain then CORN LIFTS OFF

A-ah! The first drop of SAFE Freezone relieves all ache and pain. Then before you know it that nasty corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily, painlessly. No pain no sore or raw skin. Freezone! Good for warts too. Costs only a few cents.

FREEZONE ALL DRUGGISTS

HERE'S 24-HOUR COMFORT FOR Sore Feet

Have pity on your sore, burning feet! The minute you put them in a TIZ bath they'll thank you. You can just feel cool comfort soaking in as pain is drawn out. Comfort comes instantly and stays for 24 hours. Acids and poisons—the cause of pain, swelling, bad odor and itching—are destroyed. Tired, puffy muscles soothed and revived. Ten or feet made happy—ready to carry you happily on your way. For the quickest and surest relief—for 24 hour foot comfort—try this way. All druggists sell TIZ tablets.

Advertisement.

Clogged Skin Pores Cleaned by This Method

No more scrubbing and pinching to get rid of those ugly blackheads. Those pores clogged with dirt, oil and waste matter can be cleaned in a simple, easy way. Just get a few ounces of Powdered Zonite from your druggist. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a glass of water and apply with a soft cloth or sponge. Rub briskly on the pores. Every blackhead will be gone.

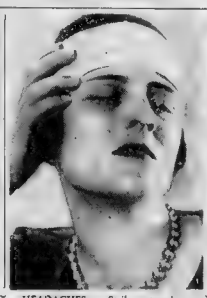
Wrinkles Can Be Easily Banished

Those marked crow's feet around the eyes, and those deep lines across the forehead, can be made to disappear with use of Zonite. Zonite dissolves, cleans and tightens the skin over face and neck. Use it as directed and see how fresh and young it makes you look. Zonite will not injure the most delicate skin. It is positively harmless. Zonite kills all germs, even those that cause pimples, blackheads, sallow skin, wrinkles, flabby skin and many other skin troubles. Zonite is gone! Leaves skin smooth, fair and radiant. Get a jar of Zonite today. Use it as directed and see the improvement.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help you solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly.

◆ *Trouble Here* ◆ *Causes Headaches* ◆ *Eat Yeast* ◆

POISONS FROM clogged intestines may cause those



HEADACHES . . . Strike out at them by correcting Intestinal Fatigue.

JUST EAT three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

HEADACHE? *Watch out!*

It's Nature's way of warning you of a serious health trouble—INTESTINAL FATIGUE

YOU know it well enough . . . that hot, splitting head means a badly deranged condition somewhere within your system. It demands serious attention!

Generally, doctors tell us, the trouble is that all-too-common one . . . Intestinal Fatigue!

In Intestinal Fatigue, waste material stagnates in your intestines, breeding poisons that circulate throughout your body. Headaches are one of the commonest results.

But don't think you can cure your trouble with violent purgatives and pills. *Permanent* relief from internal sluggishness demands a gentler, more sensible method.

For 75 years medical science has known such a method. Today it is available to you!

Eaten regularly, like any other food, Fleischmann's Yeast softens the clogging waste matter in your intestinal tract and stimulates the normal action that helps remove it.

Thus yeast corrects the chief underlying *cause* of headaches. Your appetite picks up. Your tireless quickly—feel more energetic and alert!

But you must act! All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast—also restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Directions are on the label.

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*—3 *Cakes a Day*

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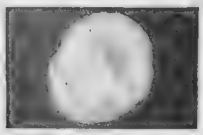
Hard little grains fall straight to the bottom, flakes melt almost at the touch of water. Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt is flaked—just sprinkle these thin, light flakes of salt in warm water and watch them disappear

Drop a pinch in water and see the difference

flaked salt melts like a flash . . that's why it is the perfect seasoner



A hailstone melts slowly because it's chunky and hard

A snowflake melts quickly because it's light and thin

Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt flakes melt like snowflakes the moment they touch the food. That's why Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt seasons so perfectly

HERE is proof that all salt isn't "just about alike." Here's a test that shows why one salt can bring out all the delicate flavor, all the taste-pleasing goodness of food.

One salt, and only one, is flaked. That salt is Diamond Crystal. It is made by a patented process which produces thin, fragile, fairy-light flakes. And, like snowflakes which float down on your hand, these salt flakes melt when they touch meat or vegetables or anything else that comes from your kitchen.

Because they melt quickly, these flakes penetrate—spreading their pure flavor evenly through the food. Try this flaked salt in your kitchen and on your table—its dry little flakes flow freely, rain or shine. Diamond Crystal Salt Company, (Inc.), St. Clair, Michigan.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SHAKER SALT

it's flaked

Do you want your salt

IODIZED?

Many people use iodized salt because it helps prevent simple goitre. If you want extra iodine, ask for Diamond Crystal IODIZED Salt, and get the only salt which is flaked and iodized both. The price, plain or iodized, is 10¢

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A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Adora Vernon [illegible] Don Carlos Must Have Gone Quickly on Adora's First Dream, Since She Had Scarcely Called His Name for the Second Time When He Stood Beside Her.

Simple as A-B-C why LIFE INSURANCE Direct by Mail Costs You Less!

SELLING direct by mail, Postal Life Insurance company eliminates all commissions paid to agents, saves the agents' offices at the home offices at the expense of maintaining branch offices. These savings are passed along to you and reduce each and every annual premium 10% per cent. In addition you receive the usual dividends as earned.

You will find it easy and pleasant to deal DIRECT with the Postal. You get here the same standard, legal reserve, old line insurance that is offered by other companies.

You select your policy in the privacy of your own home or office without annoyance by a salesman. Why be pursued as if a victim with no force you into protecting dependents or your own old age? Act for yourself.

Read DIRECT the Postal way, enjoy low rates, save time and avoid red tape. All policies are fully paid for at the end of the year. No assessments. No notes to pay.

THIS YEAR OUR 25TH ANNIVERSARY
Over $20,000,000 Assets
Over $2,500,000 Annual Income
Over $30,000,000 Paid to Policy Holders

Mail them your name and address and a request for their booklet and rates on the kind of policy you want. Postal will make no obligation. Merely send your name and address in the coupon below or a postcard. No agent will call. Postal Life Insurance Company, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE—MAIL COUPON TODAY

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CHAPTER IX.

Samson and Delilah.

OYOUSLY Adora stripped from her the mockery of her boy's masquerade, and slipped her white body into soft, silken lingerie after a splash in a cool bath. She lingered luxuriously in choosing a frock for the evening. She was very careful about the process and was long in the last.

She wanted to make herself attractive to Carlos, but not too attractive. She threw aside anything daring and flamboyant, selecting a frock which would suggest a simple innocence likely to appeal rather to his better nature and sense of chivalry than to arouse his passions. Her choice fell on a very simple frock of georgette, the palest blue in color, with stockings and shoes to match.

Its delicate shade and foamy softness enhanced her white and golden beauty, and made all the more deep and somber the sea-blue of her large eyes. With the frock she wore round her white neck one string of quite small pearls, one of the last relics of her former wealth. The heat had given her an interesting pallor, and she made no effort to remedy this artificially nor did she use any lipstick.

She had a wistful and distrait air when at last she joined Carlos in the living room and found that he had been preparing the evening meal. She had joined him so noiselessly that, busy with his task, he was unaware of her presence for a while. When he saw her he stared, a rich glow risen to his tanned cheek, his eyes suddenly very tender.

He laid his hands gently on her shoulders and drew her nearer into the waning light of evening. Nor did she resist him. Her plan now was to be submissive up to a point, to lure him delicately, to play upon the softer and more chivalrous of his emotions.

"I am—I feel—more myself now, Don Carlos," she said prettily with a little smile.

"You look like a Madonna, with your sweet pale face and your wonderful eyes!" he said throatily under his breath. "And you can talk of me letting you go back to England? You can ask me to lose you so willingly as that? How could I think of it? So beautiful you are that my heartstrings are torn by the fingers of anguish, querdia mia, at the very thought of losing you. No. It cannot be."

He kissed the small soft fingers he held, let them fall and turned away to continue his task over the evening meal, as though he feared to look at her or say any more. Adora felt satisfied and a little elated over that beginning. She believed that his better nature might yet be moved. Meantime, to break the tenseness of the moment, she moved towards him.

"That is a woman's task, Don Carlos," she said softly. "Won't you let me help you? I am not really so foolish about housework as I thought. And, if I am to stay here, I must have something to do."

"There is no need," he said, urging her into a deep wicker settee with gentle hands. "You are too fragile and sweet for such dull tasks. Besides, tonight's meal is all but ready. And, from tomorrow, the native servants will be back. I engaged a new lot while in Saranoa today."

He passed out into the kitchen and returned with the cooked dishes for their meal, the fragrant odor from them pleasing Adora, who was hungry. Also she was not sorry to hear about the native servants in a way, though she felt time would hang heavily on her hands if she had nothing at all to do.

"Of course, there will still be matters of the house to which you can, if you will, attend," Don Carlos told her when they sat down to table opposite each other, as if having realized what had been in her mind.

"A white woman in this country does no menial work in a house," he added, "but she controls the servants, and sees they do not rob her too much. I should be grateful if you would do that, Adora mia."

"I will of course do what I can," she said. "It would be very lonely for me with nothing to do if you are out a good deal, Don Carlos."

"Don Carlos?" he looked across at her quizzically. "Why the Don? Surely, plain Carlos would be better, simpler, nicer?"

"Very well, Carlos."

"In our present position, especially when we have native servants around us tomorrow, a certain intimacy between us in such matters will be necessary. And that reminds me, of equal necessity, the servants must regard you as my senora—a mere matter of form, but essential to silence possible scandal, especially as da Costa—let me remind you—has become aware of your sex."

"I understand, Carlos."

Adora colored. His reference to this deception as a mere matter of form soothed her momentary fears. Apparently Carlos had no intention seriously to take advantage of the position in which she was placed. She could only hope that was the case. She was so completely in his hands, so far away from outside help.

But that he proposed to refrain from making love to her was a matter which he quickly proved entirely wrong. After the meal, as they walked in the moonlit garden, he broached the subject of their future.

"And how long are we to live together under one roof in this manner, loveliest of angels?" he asked her suddenly, his glowing eyes devouring her fair beauty, the softness of her supple shape, the small hands and feet, the gracefulness of her movements.

"Does not that depend very much on you—altogether on you indeed?" Adora questioned artlessly, her eyes deliberately looking up at him, round and innocent.

"It depends on me, does it?" he smiled down at her. "And what about yourself and your share in the decision, querida mia?"

"I can decide nothing—nothing at all," she answered softly, wistfully, playing her game deftly. "You see," she added, "I am so entirely at your mercy, in your hands."

"The mercy which belongs to love," he murmured hoarsely. "The hands of happiness."

"You speak in enigmas, Carlos. Love and happiness are not yet for me."

"I offer you both. I have only to send for my friend, Father Ignatius, from Saranoa, and all pretense will be over. You will indeed be my wife."

"But Carlos" she stopped in her graceful walk and laid soft, clinging fingers on his arm, her voice very wistful, "Carlos, I do not love you. I have told you so."

"I will awaken it in you. I will yet set it burning in your beautiful body like some sacred lamp which never can be extinguished."

"I wonder . . ."

Deliberately Adora hesitated, little golden head on one side, eyes dark with pondering. Then she looked up at him.

"Even if it were possible, it would take time," she said lovely, "and I still don't at all believe it could happen. I only know that I do not love you now—"

"Yet you do not hate me?"

"No . . ."

Adora was not herself sure on the point. Within her queer stirrings surged disquietedly. She knew that she ought to hate this man, yet it was but a mild hate tonight, if it was hate at all. It was rather that she was on her own defense! Meantime he laughed.

"Then we have already moved a little way along the winding road which began in London," he said. "I told you there that in Spain love-making is a fine art. I am proving it you, since in London—and again at first here on this island—you hated me very sincerely. And now, querida, the hate has disappeared!"

"As real, deep hate," she admitted. "For instance, I cannot hate you just because I am here. That was Diana's fault, Nicky's wickedness. But, even if I do not actually hate you, how can I ever like you? You began by treating me badly. You refuse to let me go from here—"

"The last because I feel that I should do wrong if I did so. I cannot send you out into a cold world, almost penniless and quite friendless. Besides—I love you. I want you for myself, for your own good, for the happiness of us both."

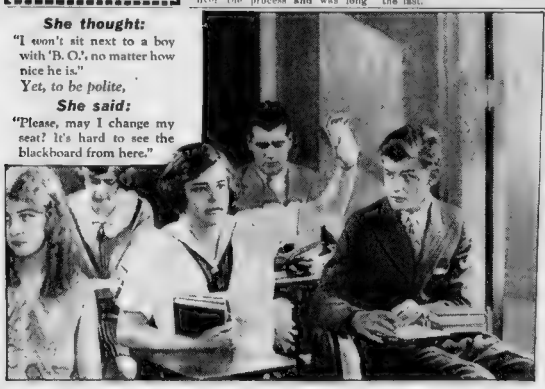
"I could never be happy if I did not love you," said Adora, a little weary of argument. He seemed so like a brick wall across her path which could not be pushed down. He made her think that only the more in his next words.

"You only imagine that now. But I would make you love me and the happiness would come. Won't you try to believe that? Will you not try, querida mia? Am I so distasteful to you that you refuse even to think of me as a lover?"

"It is not that, Carlos . . ." Adora, looking up at him in

(Continued on Page 23)

She thought:
"I won't sit next to a boy with 'B.O.', no matter how nice he is."
Yet, to be polite,
She said:
"Please, may I change my seat? It's hard to see the blackboard from here."



His classmates avoided him

. . . until he ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

THEY CHEERED him like mad on the baseball field—but kept away from him in the classroom. At parties, too, not a girl wanted to dance with him. In spite of his pleasant manners, his fine athletic record, he was unpopular.

Then one day his gym instructor had a frank talk with him about "B.O.," the polite name for a condition people dislike even to mention—*body odor*. Suggested a simple safeguard . . . What a difference it has made! Today he is prominent in class affairs, liked by everyone. He knows the easy way to end perspiration odor.

"B.O." a serious handicap

In school, in business, in society—people always shun the "B.O." offender. And the worst of it is, the guilty one seldom realizes *why* he is unpopular. Though pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily, we don't notice "B.O." *in ourselves* because we soon become used to an ever-present odor. But others quickly detect the smallest trace of it.

Why take chances when it's so easy to be *safe*? Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. This delightful toilet soap lathers generously—even in hardest water. Its creamy, abundant, antiseptic lather *purifies* pores, removes all odor. Lifebuoy's pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're safe from offending.

Fine for the complexion

There's nothing better than Lifebuoy for keeping complexions smooth and clear. Its bland, deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—helps bring a fresh, healthy glow to dull skins. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

NEW! *Lifebuoy* SHAVING CREAM
This double-dense lather shields tender spots—gives the quickest, slickest shave ever. *At your druggist!*

Lifebuoy HEALTH SOAP
—stops body odor—

Advertisement.

Gray Hair

Restored to Any Natural Shade Without Dyeing—Marvelous Nutritive Liquid Does It

ABSOLUTELY SAFE TO USE

simply Brush Through Your Hair Few Times and Watch the Color Appear

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

There is no need for you to tolerate gray, faded or streaked hair. If you will brush it a few times with Canute Water, the hair will regain its beautiful, rich and youthful color. No one or other than yourself is to use. Every use adds additional beauty.

Canute Water is a crystal-clear, colorless odorless and greaseless water like liquid. Results from its use are especially pleasing because it does not stain the skin or scalp. After the color is restored you an wash and curl the hair without affecting it in the least. The hair becomes glossy soft and lustrous. You can easily keep it young looking with an occasional application of Canute Water as directed.

Your hair will surely yield to this purely scientific infusion of this pure clean liquid or we accept no dollar or author and to refund the purchase price if it should fail to give complete satisfaction. But it will not fail. Thousands upon thousands of satisfied users all over the world testify to the remarkable qualities of Canute Water as a color restorer for gray hair. Get a bottle NOW at any drug store and prove it to yourself at once. So I am absolute sure. Get it from Liggett's Owl, Whelan or Walgreen's Drug Stores, or your own druggist. Or write The Canute Co., Dept. A 20, Milwaukee, Wis.

Jim boasts about her BLONDE hair

HE FELL in love with her golden hair. He couldn't bear to see it grow dark. And he never will, for she uses Blondex regularly. This special blonde hair shampoo prevents darkening—safely restores captivating golden sparkle to dull, lustreless light hair. Not a dye. No harsh chemicals. Good for the scalp. Blondex gives your hair radiant appeal! At all drug and department stores.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

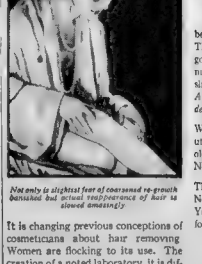
Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

Now! Actually Get Rid Of Arm and Leg Hair

Banish Completely the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.



Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

M2R

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

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Winter Clothes will be
Absolutely Safe from Moths
in a LANE
Cedar Chest

WHAT gift could be more ideal for the girl graduate, the bride — or for mother herself than a LANE Cedar Chest.

Your sweetheart hopes for this romantic gift.

Featured by LANE Dealers this week

FREE *Insurance Policy* **is your Guaranty** *against Moth Damage*

For you proud fathers and mothers with a wisp of a girl on the threshold of maturity—for you well-wishing friends of the blissful bride—for you happy husbands of home-making wives—

LANE has designed the ideal gift. A Cedar Chest steeped in romance! A Cedar Chest that combines rich, alluring beauty with *absolute* moth protection—yet sells for an unbelievably low price.

This superb new chest (illustrated above) has been built expressly to introduce the new Moth Insurance Policy now given free with every LANE Cedar Chest.

Under this policy, the contents of all LANE Cedar Chests are insured against moth damage. The policy is underwritten by the National Union Fire Insurance Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Back of it are millions of dollars in resources. Here is a positive guarantee—proof that winter clothes, downy blankets, woolens and costly furs stored in a LANE Chest will be safe from the moth.

What a capacity for damage this pernicious pest has! Do you realize that moths do an annual damage exceeding two hundred million dollars? Nobody's home is immune. Ordinary precautions such as bags, moth balls, etc. do not give positive and permanent protection against the moth. Only cedar chests that are aroma tight afford enduring immunity from this pest.

LANE with its nine exclusive features is the only certified aroma-tight cedar chest. Every LANE Chest is tested under air-pressure for aroma-tightness. The aroma cannot escape—nor the dust seep in.

That is why LANE can give you an absolute guarantee of moth protection—why only LANE can give you a free moth insurance policy.

The LANE Chest gives the cheapest form of moth protection! Also—the most *convenient!* And offers a *permanent* safeguard! Remember—one garment damaged by moths will more than pay for your LANE Chest.

LANE dealers everywhere are now featuring the new LANE introductory chest on terms as low as $1 a week. Your local furniture dealer can show you stately LANE models—all finished in the finest hardwood exteriors—all with a free insurance policy—all priced lower than ever before. See these remarkable values.

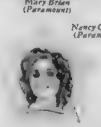
The LANE Company, Inc., *Altavista, Virginia*

The LANE *Moth Insurance*
Introductory Chest

This superbly designed chest is, by a wide margin, the most outstanding value ever offered in cedar chests. Even last year, chests of similar quality sold for $45. Now—during this introductory offer you pay only $29.75. Notice the deep wood carving—all hand work—and the splendid balance of line and design. From far off Burma, from African jungles and from American trees that were old when Washington took Yorktown, come the rare woods used to create its modern contour. Long colorful Free Insurance Policy against moth damage given with chest...

$29.75* *Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada*

Miss O'Brien (Paramount)



Nancy Carroll (Paramount)

Jeanette MacDonald

The romantic LANE *Chest guards the treasures of famous Screen Stars*

THERE IS A LANE CHEST FOR EVERY NEED FROM $16.50 UP

40311-S—*The superb beauty of this combination Chest and Drawer lies in its simple classic lines and the effective use of colorful oriental wood veneers. The drawer as well as the chest is aroma tight. Finished in the smart new Walnut shade. A chest offering unusual capacity and convenience. Moth Insurance Policy included free.*

$49.75*

48330-S—*This Window Seat model of unmistakable beauty and richness is typical of the Queen Anne period. The front is a masterly example of the exquisite effects modern craftsmen obtain with contrasting veneers. Genuine wood carvings enhance its richness. Finished in American Walnut. Moth Insurance Policy included free. A matchless value at*

$35.00*

44328-S—*A Hope Chest in American Walnut Veneers that truly reflects the early traditions of the romantic "Dower" Chest. The heavy plaque on the front carries the Lane exclusive American Lane Marquetry inlays. A chest of unusual beauty at a most revealing price. Moth Insurance Policy included free*

$25.00*

Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada

These dealers have the Jeanette MacDonald Chest on their floors:

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Hoover Furniture Co.
Houghton-Dutton Company.
Arthur McArthur
Prince Furniture Company
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J. Beard Furniture Co
Beverly—F. G. Allen Furniture Company
Greenberg Furniture Company
C. F. Tompkins Furniture Company
Brockton—Atherton Furniture
Cambridge—Mollers, Inc
Chelsea—Mellert & Rose
Everett—C. Faith & Co
Fall River—Adaskin Furniture Co.
Kaplan Brothers
Myers Furniture Co.
Fitchburg—Lemay Furniture Company
Framingham—Lewis Furniture Company
Gardner—Rose Clothing & Furniture Co.
Gloucester—National Realty Company
C. F. Tompkins Company
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Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

A Tale of Love and High Adventure in the South Seas

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

B[illegible]

[illegible] he seemed the secret [illegible]

[illegible] shows [illegible] a piece of the [illegible] with [illegible] stop at [illegible] women [illegible] man besides Fanchon on the island.

Bruce accuses the resident and Ridley of putting Fanchon up to [illegible]

[illegible] Carruthers, the Governor of Wai-kiti, but Bruce believes the latter's name has been forged.

Carol, fearing Ridley and Van Koort, begs Bruce and Marlowe to take her with them. They agree that she shall slip away from the House and join them just before the Helen sails.

Bruce receives a summons from Fanchon. Against Marlowe's protest, he decides to go to her, be-[illegible] from her the secret of Hackett's death. Marlowe warns him that if he is not back by midnight the Helen will sail without him.

Ridley makes love to Carol, but she escapes him and flees to the beach, where Marlowe hides her [illegible] night, when they board the Helen.

Bruce demands the secret from Fanchon, but in the end falls for her allure, forgetting everything. When Ridley finds the Helen gone in the morning, he starts out in pursuit.

Bruce experiences all the pangs of remorse and finally persuades Fairless of the Spanish Rake to set out with him after the two ships for a fourth share of the ambergris. They soon catch sight of the Leopard.

The Helen arrives at Paiku and Carol and Marlowe land and find the ambergris. On the way back to the Helen they become lost in a sudden fog, and after rowing about for hours bump into a boat which they think is theirs. Carol and the ambergris are [illegible] aboard, but before Marlowe [illegible] how he discovers it is not the Helen and the longboat sheers off into the fog again.

Carol finds herself and the ambergris in Ridley's power aboard the Leopard. In the fog the Helen is run down by the Leopard. A short time later Ridley's boat encounters the Spanish Rake. There is a terrible fight in which Ridley wounds Fairless with a poison-poisoned kris. Before Bruce can revenge his friend [illegible] disappears in the fog.

The next morning Bruce picks up Marlowe in the longboat and they finally sight the Leopard.

Even as Marlowe Spoke, a Bullet Buried Itself in the Mast Behind His Head.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Into the Cannon's Mouth.

HE Spanish Rake came on warily. Marlowe tacked and turned with his heart in his mouth. A poor chance they had against the Leopard. Yes, a blasted poor chance. Talk about sailing up to the cannon's mouth!

"Let's lay off a bit," he urged. "If she gets us broadside on, it's Davy Jones for us all right."

"Make straight for her," Bruce answered him. "We'll ram her if we can."

"That's a good idea," Marlowe exploded. "Ram her and sink her and who cares about the ambergris or Carol either? You mutton-headed fool, where's your wits? If we send Ridley to the bottom we'll send her as well."

Bruce swore at him and wrenched the tiller out of his hands. Marlowe gave way before his blazing eyes and reckless hands. Bruce's blood was on fire. The sight of the Leopard waiting insolently for her enemy sent him dumb with anger. He whipped the Spanish Rake forward until he could make out figures on the deck of the Leopard. Were they within range yet of her gun? Blame it all, what did it matter if they sank, so long as he got near enough to settle with Ridley first? He set his teeth and wondered whether Marlowe would hit him over the head and turn the ship round.

There was something almost terrible about that waiting ship. They said in the Islands that Ridley never let go till he'd got what he wanted. He had Carol and he had the ambergris. What more did he want?

"He wants me," said Bruce aloud. "He's played me a dirty trick, and that's enough to make him hate me. Marlowe, fetch Puahe down. They'll pick him off as soon as we get in range."

Marlowe shrugged his shoulders. It was no use trying to turn Bruce. Battle... bloody murder, rather, with the Leopard waiting to send them down below. He drew a sharp breath. He had been near enough to death in the past two days to fear it. Life might be hard, what with the weather and wind and the rigors of a trader's roving existence. Ah, but there were things he didn't want to give up.

"Go easy," he said suddenly to Bruce. "The blighter will get us across the bows."

On and on they went till the labored minutes stretched into centuries. How long had they sailed straight ahead in this dogged, defiant manner? Ridley must be marshalling his boys, preparing for attack. Most likely the Leopard would wheel when the Spanish Rake was in range and catch her broadside on. There was a shark to starboard. The gray fin cut the waves again and again. The brute lurked near the ship as though it could smell death. The Kanakas had seen it. They took it for an omen, chattering shrilly as they cleared the deck under Marlowe's violent directions. At the tiller Bruce worked in mechanical fashion, all the purpose in his body was gathered into his eyes. Marlowe looked at him and looked away.

Crash!

Ridley's first shot got the Spanish Rake in the bows. She shuddered like a struck horse. The splintered woodwork stuck out awkwardly, grotesque in its disfigurement.

"Lay off, you fool, lay off! We're in range. We'll be shot to bits."

But Bruce was deaf to the frenzied voice. He held his course towards the Leopard. By heaven, he'd get Ridley for this. The thought flashed across his mind—how Fairless would have enjoyed it! How he would have laughed, exulting in this new, deadly adventure.

Boom!

Three yards to port the water rose in a fountain. Marlowe was white and silent now. He had been in tight places before, he told himself, and come out safely at the end. Well, he'd never be in a tighter one than this. The Kanakas were praying furiously, calling on the old gods or the sea and the wind to help them. Marlowe listened, remotely amused to think what the missionary on Degas would say at the sound of the ancient prayers.

Ridley was finding it hard to hit the moving target. Twice he missed and the third shot tore the foresail as the Spanish Rake dipped in the trough of a wave.

The distance between the ships narrowed. Bruce's face was livid. The passion that tore him leapt up as he took aim. The shot went wild. Ridley shouted to the boy who was steering. Slowly the Leopard swung round.

"He'll ram us if he can," said Marlowe. "Blast his eyes!"

Even as Marlowe spoke a bullet buried itself in the mast behind his head. He ducked, swearing wrathfully. Already Bruce had set Kahiva to steer. He himself was crouching for a shot. Ridley and he fired at the same moment. One of the Spanish Rake's boys crumpled up without a sound.

"Strewth!" said Marlowe. "That leaves us with two bloomin' boys. Puahe, you keep hide. Savvy?"

A dark hand waved in reply. Kahiva, at the tiller, grinned amiably. He was chanting the wild song that the Kanakas chanted in the old good days when they went out rejoicing in the war-catamarans with sharks' eyes painted at the prow.

The breeze blew freshly as the sun slid down the sky. Soon the swift twilight would come, and after that the hurrying darkness. If they were to join battle they must join at once. Who could say what lurked for them all in the night?

The Leopard's gun spat again. Again the Spanish Rake rocked at the impact. Ridley's grim determination to sink her was plain. Even Bruce saw the folly of attempting to grapple. Ridley would simply wait till the ship drew near and send her below with a succession of shots.

"Where'd he get those shells?" Marlowe was wondering. "Those Dutchies over at Filigasta, I suppose. Bruce, we'd best go while the going's good."

"No."

"Well, what will you do?" Marlowe demanded in exasperation. "See, he's maneuvering again to get us broadside on. He's holding the ace with that perishing gun. We can't close with him. And tell me what's the good of revolvers in a job like this? He's done in one of our boys already. He's got more boys than we have. Look out!"

He pointed to the bullet that had lodged in the gunwale. The sweat stood on his neck in great beads.

"You almighty fool, let's get out of it. He's top dog for today. Wait till we hit Les Aves. Wait till you can fight him with your hands. Blast you, why don't you listen?"

Bruce was staring straight ahead. His eyes had the dull, goaded look of a man bound hand and foot who must watch torture that he cannot prevent. Retire? Draw back, and leave Carol and the treasure with Ridley? Well, what was the alternative? To stay where he was, a target for the Leopard's spitting gun. What could he hope to gain? True, a chance shot might slay his enemy. But there was no time to wait about for that. Every minute that they stood by meant increased risk. Yet it went against the grain to give way, to turn tail and avoid the Leopard's claws.

He missed Marlowe and his heart beat quickly. Had anything happened?

"Marlowe!"

Kahiva shouted reassuringly, and pointed below. The next moment Marlowe's black head appeared.

"What's up?" Bruce demanded.

"What's up?" he echoed slowly. "Say your prayers, Bruce. I thought the last one got us below the belt. She's leaking."

"Leaking?"

"The bilge is coming up as clear as wine. You know what clean bilge-water means, I suppose. Come on. This act's over. From now to heaven-knows-when it's pumps."

"All right," Bruce agreed desperately. "Lay off, Kahiva, all same lay off."

"Lay off, Biruti," Kahiva sang out.

The sun lay on the horizon, a malevolent jeering eye that mocked their struggles. Between the ships lay a stretch of blood-red water. The sky was darkening. The Spanish Rake swung round slowly, reluctant to abandon fight. Bruce had accounted for one of Ridley's boys. Marlowe had winged another. But Ridley himself stood there, invincible, careless, trusting to the fates that had turned the bullets during the feverish years.

"There's Carol," said Marlowe.

"The little fool!" Bruce burst out. "What's she trying to do? Is she crazy?"

Carol was in the bows. In the fading light they watched her as she sauntered about calmly. Once she laughed and the sound came uncannily across the tossing water. The sun vanished as though someone had given it a push. Marlowe glanced at Bruce and saw the other's knuckles white as he gripped his gun.

"Let be," he said sharply. "You can't fire while she's on deck."

"I could get him," Bruce was muttering. "Yes, I could get him—look, she's going astern."

Before the other could stop him he had fired. They saw Ridley clap his right hand to his left wrist.

"Got him!" Bruce shouted with fierce exultation. "By heaven, we've winged him."

"Bit of luck, then. The light's no good for taking aim any more."

The short twilight, evanescent as a woman's beauty, clouded their eyes. The bright colors of sunset faded under the masterful feet of the night.

"All up this time," said Marlowe. "Thank heaven we're still alive. Draw out of range and then—Puahe, must pump all same quick. Kahiva, you all same good boy. Suppose pump long time, you get bullamacow, get 'bacco."

He thrust his gun in his belt and took the ship over from Kahiva. He'd have a rotten time with Bruce, he supposed wearily. Of course the fellow would drive them all mad with his impatience, his railings against Ridley, his fury at his own wrathful impotence to cut the man's throat, to slash at him as Ridley had slashed at Fairless. Marlowe looked at the [illegible] Already he was finding it [illegible] among the shadows. Puahe was [illegible] with a lantern. Soon the [illegible] of the pumps would start.

Why was Puahe peering into the water like that? Why did he shout excitedly to Bruce? Marlowe stood up. Aboard the Leopard was sudden bustle and confusion [illegible], running to and fro [illegible].

"What is it?"

But Bruce did not hear. He was straining his eyes to see what Puahe saw.

"Look, Biruti!"

The cat's eyes of the Kanaka had spotted something in the water.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Escape.

"WHY did you come on deck?" Ridley demanded of Carol. "Go down again, you little idiot. You'll get your beauty spoilt."

For answer Carol laughed.

"Think I'm going to stay below when there's a fight on?"

"Stay, then," said Ridley.

After all, why not? Bruce would cease fire at the sight of that slim figure. He shouted directions to the steersman to swing round for another shot. Carol watched him as he bent over the gun that lay hidden so snugly in the bows.

"Have you hit her?"

"Twice at least. I'm not sure about one. Got her where I want her, too."

He looked at Carol curiously.

"Why do you stay here? Do you want to see 'em killed?"

"Killed?"

She walked away lest he should mark the pallor of her cheeks, the quivering of her lips. The setting sun had reached the sea. She turned away from the hard black shadows that lay about the deck. Her mind was in tumult. Not until that moment did she realize how passionately she had counted on the arrival of the Spanish Rake. To see the ship, to see Bruce and Marlowe five hundred yards off . . .

She remembered what had passed between Ridley and herself in the cabin. She had felt his strength, the sheer animal force of him before which her plans of defense had vanished into air. The cold winds of fear blew about her heart as she thought of what might happen before the morning. No longer would Ridley fear pursuit. No longer would his attention be distracted, divided between the ship and herself. She looked at the massive shoulders, the arrogant head. She knew in some queer way that his desire had changed in a subtle fashion. She had felt it after they spoke of Fanchon. Till then he had wanted only her. But in a flash hatred had mingled with his lust. She had seen his eyes narrow and glow as he flung her aside. Why? Because of what she had told him?

She leant against the taffrail, gazing at the dead-water in the wake of the ship. The sun had gone. Soon the blue-green water would deepen to black. A wave splashed high and the spray fell on her hands. It would be too dark to shoot in a few moments. The battle was over. If the Spanish Rake had been badly hit she would draw off in the night.

"The end of the tale," said Carol, aloud, "the end of the tale."

For her, the end of the tale would come before morning. What had Marlowe said about women caring too much what became to their bodies?

He couldn't understand how a woman's soul depends on what she does with her body. Carol had lived too much among the Kanakas not to know most of the things that a man can do to a woman. At the memory of things that she had seen she put her hands before her face.

Death would be better than Ridley.

She looked down into the dark water and wondered what it felt like to drown. She had heard Jim Flinders say that once he tried to drown himself, only he couldn't stop swimming.

Swimming . . . .

The Spanish Rake lay to the east. She did not appear to be more than half a mile off. Here was a chance, the last one Carol would get. Between the devil and the deep sea, she would choose the sea.

Cautiously she glanced round. Ridley was out of sight in the bows binding his grazed wrist. Of the boys she could only see the back of one dark head. Now, now was the time, before the Spanish Rake went limping away into the darkness. Carol spat on her hands and put one leg over the taffrail. For a moment she hung between sea and sky, then dropped.

The shock of the cold water cleared her head of the fears that had buzzed in her brain. There remained now only one object in life. She must reach the Spanish Rake before Ridley could bring her back. Very soon he would

(Continued on Page 20)

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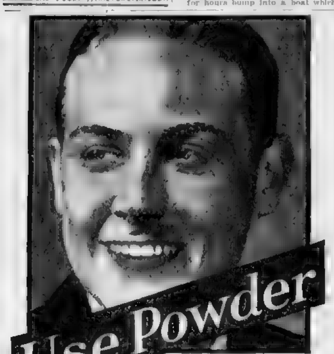

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[illegible] and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

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It cleans the bloodstream, frees the body of poisons. Your skin clears. You feel better, younger. And people find how attractive, how alert and alive, how charming you can be!

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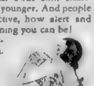
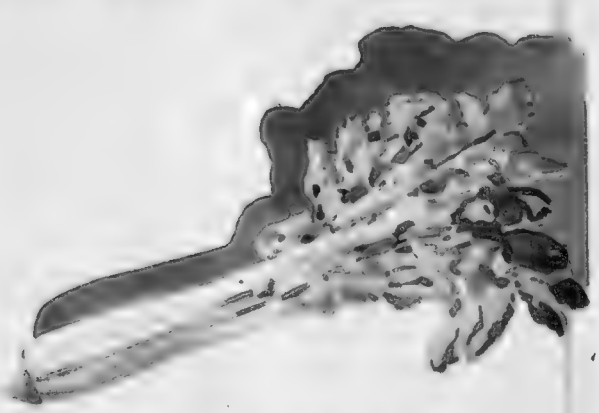


Sal Hepatica

PRUNES HAVE IT!

CELERY HAS IT!



HEINZ RICE FLAKES HAVE IT TOO

—and they're the only Rice Flakes that do

—so insist on Heinz!

WE BORROWED NATURE'S WISE IDEA FOR THESE CRISP, DELICIOUS FLAKES!

JUST look at these golden-brown flakes. They're so crisp and crunchy—so deliciously sweet and downright good—you'd never suspect them of having a serious purpose in life! Yet they have.

Heinz Rice Flakes do the same important work that some fruits and vegetables do! Natural, *corrective* work—without harshness or irritation. Like prunes and celery, these delicious flakes have a *gentle, mildly laxative effect*—what is sometimes called a "corrective vegetable effect". They're made to help healthy people *stay* healthy. No other rice flakes have this helpful regulatory quality!

It was Nature's wise idea. We simply borrowed it. We borrowed Nature's idea, too, when we made Heinz Rice Flakes taste so good. Nature doesn't approve of making foods "good-for-you", without making them good to eat, too. And neither do we! So we've made these crisp flakes just as delicious as other famous foods of the "57 Varieties". Taste them and see for yourself! . . .

Two generous trial packages—FREE!

We'll let you be the judge of the delicious flavor of Heinz Rice Flakes—at our expense. Just fill out and mail the coupon and we'll send you *two generous trial packages—enough for six servings—free!* Notice how crisp the little flakes stay, until you've eaten the last one in the bowl. Eat them and enjoy them, *every* day! Heinz Rice Flakes will do the rest.

Children, especially, enjoy Heinz Rice Flakes. And remember—the corrective quality of these flakes is just as necessary in their diets as it is in yours.

If you like a scientific reason . . .

Heinz Rice Flakes not only furnish all the energy and body-building elements of rice, but they supply an essential substance that is found in no other rice flakes. This substance is *cereal-cellulose* — one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective correctives known to man—a corrective with absolutely no harsh or irritating effects.

H. J. Heinz Company spent *eight* years in perfecting the exclusive process by which cereal-cellulose is added to Heinz Rice Flakes. During those eight years, and since then, careful tests have been made. These tests prove conclusively that Heinz Rice Flakes have the same *mild, corrective* quality that Nature gives to some fruits and vegetables. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs *you* no more.

FREE!

TWO TRIAL PACKAGES OF HEINZ RICE FLAKES

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR YOUR FREE TRIAL PACKAGES!

H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. AW-5-37 Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes —free of charge

Name . . . .
Street . . . .
City . . . . State . . .

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
MAKERS OF THE "57 VARIETIES"

HEINZ RICE FLAKES ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

NOW A $3.00 PRODUCT IN A NEW $1.00 SIZE PACKAGE

Permanently Destroys Hair

TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the coarse hair over a period of twenty years. ZIP has met every requirement and has been used by hundreds of thousands of women for permanently destroying hair on the face, arms, legs and underarms.

So simple. So quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on, . . . no dark shadow under the skin . . . That is why so many stage and screen stars as well as Beauty Specialists recommend ZIP.

ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at $1.00.

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

To permanently destroy hair ask for ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT *New Package $1.00—at best store $3.00*

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthé SPECIALIST

502 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK ENTRANCE ON 46th STREET

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times, . . . take this advice from one who knows. Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread *ZIP-SHAVE* over the surface . . . and shave. The application of *ZIP-SHAVE* not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chap as well. Tube, 50c.

Mme. Berthé Discovers Safe Cream Depilatory

As delightful as your choicest cold cream

New York—For twenty years Mme Berthé has warned against the use of creme depilatories. Now she has finally succeeded in formulating a product which she can conscientiously recommend. Fervent recognition was given to Mme Berthé's achievement.

JUST spread the new ZIP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel in seeing how long it will be before even the slightest semblance of hair reappears—and then only fine hair. ZIP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated growths.

For removing hair and discouraging the growth, ask for ZIP *Depilatory Cream. Giant tube 50c*

If dealer cannot supply you use coupon

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I enclose $..... Please send me
☐ A Package of ZIP Epilator ($1.00)
☐ A Tube of XTR Depilatory Cream (50c)
☐ A Tube of ZIP-SHAVE (50c)
Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 18)

find out what had happened. Even now he might have seen her in the dim light. She spat the salt out of her mouth and went on, changing from breast-stroke to trudgeon, from trudgeon back to breast-stroke as she struck through the waves.

It was rougher than she had thought. Perhaps it was only the darkness that was so terrifying. She could see the faint stars growing lighter above each wave that flung her over its back. Her arms ached and she floated for a moment, kicking her legs to stave off the dreaded cramp. Her clothes she had buoyed her up at first now clung soggily to her body, dragging at her limbs, hampering her movements. Dimly, she could make out the hulk of the Spanish Rake. Yes, there was a light. Good. Now she would have something by which to steer.

Glancing back at the Leopard she could make out more light that hurried to and fro. The wind was with her as she heard shouts and Ridley's voice raised in angry commands. She judged herself to be about halfway between the two ships. Would it be too late to make the Spanish Rake? Already Ridley must be launching the longboat in pursuit.

A sudden thought entered her mind.

"Oh, God," said Carol out loud, "if you've got a minute to spare, keep the sharks off."

The idea of the white sky sliding up through the watermost unnerved her. With an effort she conquered her fears and pushed on. Surely the Spanish Rake loomed nearer. Surely she must reach her goal soon. Her arms began to move more slowly. The wet clothes were dragging her back. But there was no time to tread water and to rest at the fastenings. She must not stop now. Ridley—Ridley—

"Carol!"

Someone was shouting. She could not make out from which direction the voice came. Behind? Ahead? The roar of the sea deafened her. She was losing her buoyancy. Slower and slower grew the movements of her arms as she slid from crest to trough of the never-ending waves. Presently she became aware that she had stopped swimming. She was pawing at the water like a dog, in the mere agonized effort to keep afloat.

"Carol!"

The voice came from ahead. She answered weakly. Someone was coming, then. It must be Bruce or Marlowe or — no, not Fairless. She struggled on gamely, shouting with what was left of her breath in an attempt to guide this swimmer in the dark sea.

"Here! Ahoy! Ahoy!"

She topped the next wave and heard her name shouted to the right. This time she knew it for Marlowe's voice. In an agony lest he should miss her she put all her strength into a last cry.

"Ahoy!"

"Coming!"

She heard his arms in the darkness striking toward her. A voice said in her ear, "Buck up. You're all right. Hang on to my belt and kick out."

Blindly she clutched the leather as she was bid. Her numbed legs kicked out in gallant obedience. Nearer and nearer they drew to that mass which was the Spanish Rake. The stars were out now in their full cold brilliance. Fearfully, Carol looked back towards the Leopard. Would Ridley guess that she would try to reach the other ship? Or did he only see her escape as an escape from himself to the oblivion of the sea?

Marlowe forged ahead, cleaving through the water with his powerful arms. Pushe's voice hailed him and a rope ladder slapped against the side of the ship.

"Can you climb, Carol?"

Carol's hands closed on the rope and she struggled upward. She felt a hand grip her shoulder. An absurd desire came over her to say, "Don't tear that sleeve." But her lips could not form the words. She was lifted on deck. She felt Bruce's arm around her shoulders, heard him saying, "Plucky little devil!" Marlowe pulled up the ladder after him and she knew that he and Bruce were talking quickly. Her dazed brain could not take in what they were saying. She caught the word "North," and then crumpled up in Marlowe's arms.

"All in," said Bruce. "I don't wonder. Look, there's a boat out from the Leopard. Do you think Ridley guessed what she'd do?"

"Can't say. But they won't come too near in a longboat, even if it is dark. We'll head north tonight and throw 'em off. We can't fight as we are. I know Ridley's mind. He'll hang about after Carol for a bit and then he'll go on. He won't waste his time chasing us. He'll know that we'll follow him to Les Aves. Yes. We'll find him there waiting for us all right."

"Why don't we make Degas instead?"

"Huh! Not likely. Do you think I'll give him time to get away with that ambergris? Who's steering? I'll take over. Send Kahiva to the pumps."

"Give her to me," said Bruce, suddenly. "You're wet. Go and change."

But Marlowe's wet arms tightened around Carol.

"You'll not touch her."

They stared at each other in the light of the swinging lamp.

"What's the matter with you?" said Bruce. "Give her to me."

"No."

The other's face darkened at the hostile tone.

"Why not"

"Get out," said Marlowe savagely. "Keep your hands off her."

"What's got you?"

"You shan't touch her."

He pushed past Bruce, Carol in his arms. There was a fire in the galley and he took her in there, setting her down among Pushe's medley of pots and pans. He fetched a brown blanket and hung it to warm while he stripped off her soaking clothes with gentle clumsy fingers. Presently he had her on his knees, wrapped up to her chin, while he crossed her to swallow some coffee from the pot which had been heating on the fire. She gulped it down and the color came back into her cheeks.

"What's that noise?" she asked weakly.

"Pumps," he said tersely. "Drink some more. Are you warmer?"

"Yes. Did he—did Ridley get you then?"

"Got us twice. It'll be pumps night and day till we get in port. Maybe tomorrow I can patch her up a bit. No time now. We've only got two Kanakas left."

She began to feel sleepy. Reaction set in, after the perils of the last hour. She closed her eyes and jerked them open again as the cup touched her lips.

Marlowe said, "Did you have a bad time with Ridley?"

"Bad enough."

"What gave you the notion to make a dash for it?"

"I was afraid of him. And I thought if I didn't jump then, it would be too late."

Marlowe nodded.

"Then he hasn't—hasn't hurt you?"

"No."

He saw that she was at the end of her tether.

"I'll carry you into Fairless' bunk," he told her. "No, poor devil, he'll never want it again. I'll tell you about it tomorrow. What's the matter? What are you shaking that way for?"

She clung to him shuddering.

"Can't you stop a bit? I don't want to be alone."

"But I must go. I'll send Bruce in here. He'll stay with you."

"No," she said passionately. "No."

His hold tightened.

"All right. But I'm wet. I'll have to change. You'll sleep, Carol."

He rose, wrapping the blanket more closely round her drowsy body and carried her to Fairless' bunk. She was asleep before he had finished heaping the brown blanket on her. For a moment he stood looking at the flushed face, remembering that agonized moment, an hour ago, when he had thought he would never reach her in time to cheat the devouring sea.

She stirred, flinging out a restless arm. He stopped and put his lips to her satin shoulder. The beauty and the defenselessness of a woman asleep held him in thrall. He drew the coverings over her bare arm with a fierce protective gentleness. How would things turn out with Bruce? Had he, Marlowe, saved her from Ridley and the sea to toss her into those soiled hands? Yet if Bruce loved her...

Love, that cruel, sweet pain that tore at his own heart with iron restless fingers, what havoc might it not wreak in the lives of the three of them?

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I Love You."

ALL night long the wheeze of the pumps continued. The four men worked turn and turn about. Just before midnight they lost the Leopard's lights. Marlowe put out seaanchors. There was no sense in subjecting the ship to the strain of the sea until they had had a chance of seeing exactly how much damage had been done.

They worked without speaking except for an occasional curt order to the Kanakas. The wooden night dragged on. There was enough wind to keep them chilled. The flickering stars stared down at them like the careless eyes of the gods.

Above them yawned the Coal Sack, the vast cavern of the sky which the Kanakas call the home of the seven winds. The eighth wind, the north, has no abiding place, but blows on forever across the world.

The slow hours paced away and presently the men's eyes began unconsciously to search for a horizon in the thinning darkness. Slowly, slowly the coming dawn sucked away the gloom from the sea and the sky until gaunt gray shadows lay across the deck. The wind was blowing from the east and Marlowe sniffed it approvingly.

"Good sign," he said, "wind's blowing where it ought to be in the morning with the sun. I'm tired."

He stretched his arms above his head. In the intervals of rest from the pumps he had snatched a bit of sleep, just enough to take him over the abyss which lay beneath the feet of the sleepless. Bruce and Kahiva were pumping. Their arms rose and fell like oiled machines. Marlowe thought of what they must all endure as the sun rose higher. At the end of a mid-day spell at the pumps he shuddered.

The first sun-rays shot across the sea. It was a clear blue morning, giving promise of fine weather.

"I take it she's clear," said Bruce, resting on the pump. "Kahiva stop now. Better get you food out and then all come under."

Kahiva smiled. His tall body then looked black in bronze in the early light. He spat out a mouthful of betel-nut and, with a shout, threw himself for a dive into the green water. He came up within a few yards of sharks. The others leant over the side, watching anxiously while he dove and rose again to cling panting to the rope ladder hung sluckly over the side. At the end of twelve minutes he came scrambling on deck, blowing and puffing with the exertion of the search.

"I put one two hole," he said with self-satisfaction. "One fella hole in belly belong Pantia Davek, one fella more hole in side."

With his wet forefinger he drew on the deck the size and shape of the holes Marlowe granted.

"Look, bad!" Bruce scoffed.

"I'll go down and see if I can patch her up a bit. No use trying to get away yet."

"I'm coming, too."

They went below, calling to Pushe to find what they wanted to bind the wounds of this ship that belonged to a dead man. The smell of pitch permeated the hold. The noise of wood being sawn mingled with the jangle of the pumps where Kahiva worked again. Presently the crash of a hammer sent dull echoes flying across the deck.

The sound awoke Carol. For a moment she lay quite still, trying to fit the puzzle together. What had happened? It came trickling back into her memory as she fingered the blanket that wrapped her body. The fear of Ridley—the plunge into the sea—Marlowe—and the sound of Bruce's voice.

She sat up and looked round. Presently she got out of the bunk and found her way to the galley. Here before a dying fire lay her clothes, dry and crackling with salt. She smoothed the crumpled shirt and dressed herself. The corduroy breeches were stiff with sea water, and the

(Continued on Page 22)

Presently Carol Asked, "What happened to Fairless? I know Ridley killed him. Did he shoot?"

TRY THIS PERFECT WAVE SETTING FLUID

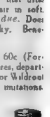
at our expense

YOUR name and address on the coupon will bring you, free, a trial bottle of Wildroot Wave Set . . . remarkable new, greaseless, finger-waving fluid that dries so rapidly and leaves your hair in soft glossy waves. *Leaves no residue.* Does not make hair gummy or sticky. Beneficial to hair.

Now two prices...35c and 60c (Formerly 50c and $1.00) at drug stores, department stores, hairdressers. Ask for Wildroot Wave Set by name. Beware of imitations.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

Coupon brings FREE SAMPLE



THE WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. AW-8, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free sample of Wildroot Wave Set. Also a sample of your new Liquid Creaming Cream
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WATER . . . WHISPERING AT THE BOW . . . BUBBLING AT THE BLADE

ABEAM—the stream is glassy smooth. Astern—it ripples shoreward. You gently twist the blade, and drift into the shade of a tree. A bright-planned bed takes wing—as silently as your Old Town. Nothing can ever equal the quiet of a canoe—the peace, and solid contentment!

Old Towns are patterned from the Indians' birch barks. They're light, graceful, well-balanced, and easy to handle. Built sturdy and strong for years of use. Free catalog shows all canoe-types. Also outboards; dinghies; big, fast, seaworthy, outboard family boats; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 295 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.

No woman should risk unknown substitutes for Kotex

There's health risk in cheaply-made pads of questionable hygienic purity.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that is when you hear the expression, just like Kotex.

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Kotex is safe

Those words, 'just like Kotex,' mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of *purity*, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

After all, why take chances? You *know* Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone — their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

Perfect comfort

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that *lasts* . . . because Kotex is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1. The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals
2. *Kotex is soft* . . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness
3. *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
4. *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
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See the new Kotex Belt

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting

KOTEX
Sanitary Napkins

Now! a Lip Rouge That Lasts *All Day!*

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line" —You Make up But Twice a Day Instead of Every Hour!

A NEW way has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long.* Instead of making up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day.

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying, and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

UNLIKE AMERICAN ROUGE

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a perfect lip make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lip and cheek rouge—both, invariably, of different color.

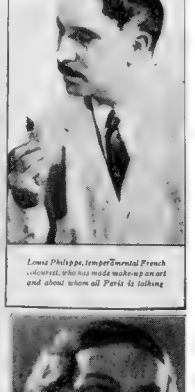
Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.*

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

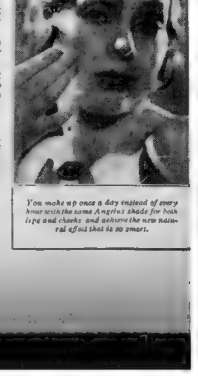
COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Regular lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box form. A shade for every type and complexion. Same price as American rouges.

Angelus
Rouge Incarnat
Louis Philippe, Inc.



Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art and about whom all Paris is talking.



You make up once a day instead of every hour with the same Angelus shade for both lips and cheeks and achieve the new natural effect that is so smart.

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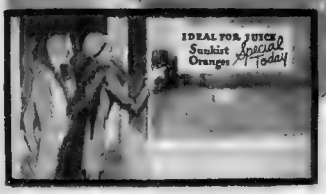
5 Billion "JUICE-FULL" Sunkist Oranges at bargain prices – now!



Serve them every day for health

CALIFORNIA'S huge spring-and-summer crop of Sunkist Oranges runs to the juice sizes which give you most for your money.

Save Wisely

You save—yet you win dividends in health. These juice size oranges are just as sweet and delicious as any you have ever bought. The trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and tissue wrapper guarantees the famous "richest juice and finest flavor."

Start now, if you have not already done so, to serve fresh orange juice to every member of the family daily. The amount science recommends is two glasses *every* day for *everyone*.

Corrects "Spring Fever"

Lazy, "spring fever" symptoms caused by over-indulgence in heavy winter foods surrender quickly to the vitamins and alkalinity of orange juice.

Children *particularly* should have all they want. Orange juice helps to build sound teeth, bones and bodies.

How to Buy

When you buy, ask for Sunkist Oranges by name. It assures dependable quality. Remember that "juice-full" Sunkist Oranges have the *rich juice* which gives you an extra amount of *healthfulness*. And buy in quantities—for the *extra* savings your dealer gives on several dozens or a box. ©1931 C.F.G.S.

Sunkist California Oranges

RICHEST JUICE—FINEST FLAVOR

*WHAT HEALTH AUTHORITIES SAY:

"Too little vitamin C in your daily diet," is science's warning to those troubled with tooth decay, gum disorders and "run-down" systems. Since citrus fruits are the best sources of vitamin C, you protect yourself most easily by drinking *two full-sized* (8 oz.) *glasses of fresh orange juice every day.* (For variety, and greater vitamin C potency, add the juice of half a lemon.)

Hear Louella Parsons and Famous Movie Stars . . . Wednesdays, 8:30 p. m. . . . WNAC

ON "SUNKIST MUSICAL COCKTAIL" WITH RAYMOND PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA – COAST-TO-COAST FROM CALIFORNIA OVER COLUMBIA NETWORK

Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 20)

leather belt defied her efforts to bend.

"I'll have to trust the braces," said Carol. "That's the worst of drying sea-wet before a fire."

She made a rough toilet in the cabin and went back to the galley. The maddening jangle of the pumps continued. Sounds of hammering came from the hold. She stood the coffee pot on a replenished fire, and hunted for provisions. There was plenty of flour and she set to work to make quickbread in the Kanaka way. Into the disreputable frying-pan she emptied a tin of pork-and-beans and the remains of a half-full can of tomatoes. The odor of hot coffee and frying meat warred with the smell of pitch Marlowe, coming to look for a wrench, opened his eyes at sight of the busy figure.

"Smells good," he said. "My stomach's gone slack for want of a bite. Serve up mine, Carol. Bruce can come for his in a minute."

"What are you doing?" she asked as she piled his plate and followed him into the cabin with the coffee pot.

"Trying to patch her. We've fixed up one place. But the other—well, we'll have to beach her to see it. Too low down to get at. If the sea had been a trifle calmer, Ridley would have sent her to the bottom. I'm telling you the truth, Carol. It'll take all the luck in the world to get us to Les Aves. We shan't be able to stop pumping."

He ate rapidly. Presently Carol asked, "What happened to Fairless." I know Ridley killed him. Did he shoot?"

He glanced at her keenly.

"No. There was a fight—you must know about that. I wasn't here then. Kahiva and I drifted all night. When the fog lifted a bit we sighted the Spanish Rake and found Bruce aboard half crazy."

"And Fairless?"

"Very bad. Ridley must have knifed him with a kris—a poisoned one. Don't ask any more, Carol. It's no tale for a woman to hear. Give me some more coffee."

He swallowed it down and rose, wiping his mouth with the back of a tarred hand.

"I'll send Bruce in," he said. "Got enough for yourself as well? Fry up all you want. There's plenty."

He was gone and she carried away his cup and plate. When Bruce's step sounded on the companion her heart stood still. Afraid? No. She held up her head and walked in with his breakfast held steadily in her small strong hands. He sat down at the table on the locker where Marlowe had sat. When she put the steaming food before him he uttered a curt word of thanks and fell to with his eyes on his plate. He was grimed and dirty from his work. The sweat lay on his neck and around his mouth. His lids were red for want of sleep.

As Carol watched him he said suddenly, "Where's yours?"

"I'll have mine afterwards."

Without looking at her he asked, "You all right again?"

"Yes."

Conversation languished. He thought, "How much has she gone through with Ridley? What's he done to her? If he's hurt her—" His mind baulked at the conclusion of the sentence. Aloud he said, "More coffee. I'll have to go."

She stood behind him, pouring out his drink. He felt her hold away, so that she might not touch him.

"Marlowe says the ship's hit rather badly."

"He says true. If we meet rough weather most likely she'll go down."

She set the coffee pot on the table, and turned away.

"Carol."

"Well?"

He wanted to say, "I love you. Don't let Fanchon stand between us. I've been a fool and I'm sorry. Carol, we mayn't have much longer. The ship's in a bad way. We may never reach Les Aves. Don't let's waste the time that's left."

He opened his mouth to speak, but the words would not come. He wanted to go down on his knees and beg her to forgive what he had done. But he could not.

"Carol."

She turned and her voice was as hostile as her eyes.

"Well?"

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he demanded.

"I'll look at you any way I like," Carol retorted.

He thought: "She's angry about Fanchon. What can I say?"

He jerked out, "Did you have a beastly time with Ridley?"

"Beastly?" she echoed. "You've said it. It's been—filthy. Ever since we started things have been rotten. Marlowe and I have lived with our hearts in our teeth. That awful island! And the fog, and then the Leopard slinking up. Bad luck all the time. We've lost the ambergris. The Helen's gone. This boat's crippled. Fairless is dead. And whose fault is the whole show? Yours."

Carol's Hands Closed on the Rope Ladder and She Struggled Upward.

He sprang up, towering above her, hot and angry as herself.

"Stow that talk. If Marlowe had waited for me—"

"Why should he? Why should he spoil the whole bag of tricks just because you chose? Waited! It would have been a poor look-out for me if he'd waited any longer."

"Well, what's the use of raking it up now? That's done with."

"It's not. It'll never be done with. If you'd been aboard the Helen things might have turned out differently. We shouldn't have had to trust the ship to the Kanakas when we went after the ambergris."

"Think I could have stopped the fog? Cut it out. It's over. All the talking in the world won't alter things."

"If you hadn't stayed on Les Aves with—"

"Be quiet."

"With Fanchon—"

"Be quiet, Carol—"

"I won't. You're ashamed of it now, aren't you? We waited for you—waited in the dark—and you never came—"

He had her by the shoulders, but she defied him. To her he seemed suddenly a stranger. Was this Bruce, this the man who had filled her thoughts and her dreams?

"Let me go," she cried in a swift panic.

"You're jealous," he said. "I went for Hackett's sake—for your sake—to make her tell me all she knew."

"And she did, of course."

"That's why I went. When she sent I knew it was a trick of Ridley's, but I thought—"

"It wasn't."

"What do you mean?"

"He thought you were aboard the Helen. He couldn't understand why the Spanish Rake should be anywhere near Faiku. When he guessed why you stayed behind, I thought he'd go crazy."

"Crazy?"

"I believe he cares for Fanchon."

"But—he—they—if he didn't tell her to, why did she send for me?"

"Most likely she—wanted you."

"You're jealous," he said again.

"Shut up," she blazed at him. "I'm sick of your excuses. You needn't chew it all over again. What does it matter why you went? You wanted to go. You wanted to see her. You wanted—"

"Carol," he said in a strangled voice, "let it go. I was mad, blind, anything you like. She—she's past. I don't want ever to think of her again. It's you, Carol. I think it's always been you. Can't you forgive me? Can't you forget it? After all, most men have their—their experiences."

She stared at him with wide mocking eyes. He went on with an effort.

"What else can I say? How can I make you understand? She doesn't count. You're—you're exaggerating things. Listen, Carol, I love you—I love you—"

She caught him up.

"Love? You dare to say that to me?"

"Why not?"

"You're nothing to me," she blazed at him. "Fanchon? Huh, do you think I care what you do with your time? You're like all the others who come to Les Aves. When Fanchon lifts her fingers everything else can go to the wall. She's bewitched you, Bruce."

"Bewitched!"

"Yes. Do you think I want what she's finished with? Do you think I'd ever share any man with her? Because you'll go back to her."

"Never."

"You will," said Carol passionately. "At first I thought I cared about you. Do you remember when you came back from Degas, you kissed me? It started then. I thought about you rather a lot. When you went down to Fanchon's, when we waited for you in the night, and you never came, something went dead in me. You'll never wake it now."

He let her go and stood staring at a ray of sunlight that crept down the companion and across the floor. So he had lost her. He knew now that it was not jealousy that had frozen her. It was contempt.

Somehow his arms were around her. The hot pleading words poured from his lips. It had been Carol that he wanted always. He knew it now too late. Surely he must move her? Surely she must lose that stony relentless look and give him his heart's desire?

Her voice cut across the torrent of his words.

"It's no use."

At the finality in her tone he stepped back. His arms dropped to his sides.

"You don't mean it?"

"I do."

At the door she turned.

"Go back to Fanchon," she said as she disappeared.

He swore at the name. What was that woman beside Carol? An episode, an encounter to be forgotten. All his heart rose up in a wild determination to gainsay the truth of Carol's words, to prove to her that Fanchon no longer existed, that he had thrust her from his mind as completely as though she had never been.

He closed his eyes with the pain of it all, and immediately Fanchon rose before him, stinging him with the memory of a beauty that he would remember and hunger for while he lived . . .

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Lava Love — by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 16)

the moonlight, knew that she spoke the truth. The silver moon emphasized his height and strength. It showed to her quite clearly the physical attractiveness of his face. His blazing eyes, burning like coals of fire in his pale face, almost thrilled her. She could not meet the ardor, the passionate remonstrance of their gaze.

"The whole thing is that I was left here with you, Carlos," she proceeded, stammering. "What girl of spirit would give herself in love to a man with whom she was placed in such a position? Still less if he began by trying to force her into his arms. And when I remember your boast in London, your talk here of taming me, breaking me—"

"I repeat again, Adora mia, I have offered you marriage. I still offer it . . ." Carlos sounded impatient now, and Adora was rather frightened.

"How impossible you are! You keep on talking about marriage without giving me time to try and see you in a different light!" she said with a little gesture of despair.

He took her hands in his and kissed them.

"You are willing to do that?" he asked hoarsely.

"I am willing to try . . ." She avoided his searching eyes, lowering her frightened ones in which humiliation fought with a Delilah-esque cunning.

"I will help you to try," he said, putting his arm around her supple waist and drawing her to him. "It is all the world to me if you will think of me not as the man into whose power you have been trapped, but as the lover who adores you, who longs to rouse in you the same tender passion as rages in him."

"You see——" Adora placed her white hands on his chest to hold him from her—"I do not know what passion is, Carlos. I have never loved—that way or any way at all."

"The sweeter will be the lessons which will awaken love and passion in you, darling one!" he murmured, enfolding her in his arms, carrying her to a deep settee in the shadow of the veranda, and seating himself there with her upon his knee.

"Carlos . . ." She struggled faintly in his hold. "You are strong and I am weak. You hurt me. You make me feel ashamed. Cannot I learn to love without your help?"

"Can a bird fly without wings?" he retorted emotionally. "You were born without love, and love must be given to you. No one has ever aroused passion in you. So, if passion is to enflame you someone must set it burning. That is my task. What is it that I would teach you first? So little. To put your white arms round my neck and cling to me a little. To take my kisses—thus and thus and thus—to feel them and to live in them . . ."

Unresponsive, she submitted to his lips. That was her only way of luring him into security. It was a dangerous way, for the strength and passion of him could not fail to affect her. His kisses took away her breath and left her pale and moaning.

"Ah . . ." she heard him saying as he kissed her neck and bare shoulder. "You are beginning to awaken. You have at least a heart, for I feel the beating of it. Tell me that you are beginning to love me already, my sweet adored. Kiss me, my precious and say to me, 'Carlos darling, I will love you. I will learn to want you as you want me'!"

She tried to say the words, but could not. She had suddenly become afraid, and her senses seemed to be leaving her. The way of Delilah in this instance was more difficult than she had imagined. The strength of Samson was so great.

"Let me go, Carlos . . ." she begged in his ear, and struggled to be free.

He laughed on a note of triumph.

"Not till you have spoken those dear words!" he said. "I am longing to hear them, to know that even in my first lesson I have succeeded as I had scarcely hoped. Tell me that you love me and want me."

"But—I don't. Not yet, Carlos, at least."

"No? You must and shall say those words, querida mia. I will kiss them from your lips. I will force them from you by the fire of my love."

And again his lips were pressed to hers in passion, burning, maddening. Never before had she experienced anything like this, never had passion been so aroused in her. It was folly now for her to pretend she did not know its meaning. Half-swooning under the ardor of his kisses and the frenzy of his caresses, she knew that, if she did not resist, she was likely to be lost.

This way she could not hope to lure Carlos to her ends. He was too powerful for her. He affected her too strongly against her will. She actually found herself at this moment enjoying his kisses, although she had not as yet responded to them. She began to struggle violently, suddenly angry with herself, furious with him.

"Let me go!" she flamed at him. "Tell you that I love you? No. You are making me hate you. Let me go. I want to have nothing to do with you. I only let you think I would because I hoped that way to get to England. You brute beast. If I were only out of your hands, I would let you know what I think of you."

"So?"

He unloosed her so suddenly that she fell away from him and slid to the veranda floor. He stood over her, bulking angrily in the way of the moon, a menacing shadow.

"So?" he repeated, and lifted her up like he might have done a child, holding her by both shoulders before him. He was very chill and calm.

"That was it? You were trying to deceive me, thinking to fool me? I, who offer you an honest love, marriage. I am a brute beast? I understand. You want to go to England. That is all. I am nothing. But I will teach you differently. Yes. We shall try a new course of lessons, one which will be all to my advantage.

"Silence!" he added as she made to speak. "You were left here in my house without my knowledge and wish. It was therefore not my fault. Still, you are here and I desire you. There is no one to save you from me if I purpose to possess you. And I do so purpose. You scorn me as a husband. You shall learn to appreciate me as your master."

With that he took her up again in his arms and entered the house, passing through it till they came to her room. He set her down on her feet and stood looking down at her. He did not light the lamp and the room was faintly silvered with moonlight passing through the bead chicks over door and window looking onto the veranda.

"Carlos . . ." Adora urged frantically. "Have pity on me, I beg of you. Be honorable to me—to yourself—"

"Honorable?" he said hoarsely. "I have tried to be that. I have offered you the right to love and be loved. You have refused both. You and I are alone in this house. You are beautiful and I adore you. I am only a man. I have reached the breaking point, and you have cut the last threads by which honor was held. You are beautiful and made for me, you glorious, wilful darling. Why should I not take you?"

Abruptly he turned and went to the door, from which he took the key and slipped it into his pocket with a little laugh.

"Tonight," he said, going, "your door will remain open for for me!"

CHAPTER X.

Conflict.

FOR a while Adora sat in that dark room, a thing of shadows and ghostly moonlight, wondering what to do. Should she run out into the night and jungle, risking death rather than suffer the shame he clearly intended to inflict on her? Frantically, with this last resource in her mind, she lifted the bead chick leading onto the veranda and stepped out into the night.

Then, after she had taken half-a-dozen paces forward, her foot touched something soft and moving and she stepped backwards sharply, sending out a shrill of horror. She had trodden on a large brown snake, which now was sliding quickly toward her, its head uplifted, its fangs making a hissing noise as, before she could move quickly enough, they had stabbed at her foot. And again she screamed, calling aloud:

"Carlos . . . Carlos . . ."

Don Carlos must have come quickly on Adora's first scream, since she had scarcely called his name for the second time when he stood beside her, a loud explosion shocked her ears and she saw, first an automatic in his right hand, and secondly the mashed head and writhing body of the dying snake struck by a stream of bullets.

Carlos caught her to him, and hurried her inside and laid her on the bed.

"Quickly . . ." he urged. "You have been bitten and—where?"

She motioned to her right foot, and he began feverishly to strip off shoe and stocking. He discovered a tiny puncture and a swelling near the ankle, and without hesitation he began calmly to suck at the wound, spitting out at intervals what poison he had abstracted. Then, hurrying to his room, he returned with medicine case and began to treat the wound, placing some kind of dried herb over the place and securing this with a medical bandage.

He fetched some amber-colored liquor for her in a glass and made her drink it.

"That should be all right now," he said sternly as he looked down at her, "as it was taken in time. If I did leave any poison in the wound, the herb will extract it and make it powerless. There will no doubt be a slight swelling in the morning, and you may suffer a headache. But you need not be afraid now. And the medicine I gave you will help you to sleep. You can manage to undress yourself?"

She nodded, suffering still from shock and a realization that she had, but for him, been very near to death. Supposing that had happened far from the house and in the jungle? Perhaps at the moment he was thinking the same thing. He looked down at her sternly.

"What were you doing out there?"

"I don't know," she stammered. "I think I had some idea of running away——"

"From me? You must have known it was courting death to do such a thing?"

"Still——"

"You preferred death to—me? Ah, well . . ."

He turned on his heel, the stern expression vanished from his moody face.

"In a few minutes sleep should overtake you," he said. "I shall come in the morning and see how you are. We will talk then, if, as I hope, you are all right."

He was gone before she could even thank him. She knew that he had saved her life. The aching and throbbing of her flesh at the ankle were reminders of what might have meant death. In her danger, she had called to him. She had to remember that, too. She had been utterly foolish to attempt to run away. And yet . . .

Sleep overcame her when she reached this point, as he had said it would and perhaps more swiftly than he had expected. For she had no time to change into her night things. She lay there in the blue georgette frock she had worn to attract him. And in the night, although she was oblivious to the fact, he came to look at her in intervals of a couple of hours.

He did not touch her, beyond tenderly moving or feeling the bandaged ankle, but every time he looked down on her unconscious beauty, rare and delicate, the white flesh and the virginal shape of her. There was nothing at all of passion in his face, only a great gentleness, a faint sorrow, a questioning hope. Once as he left her to go back to his own room he spoke to himself in a whisper.

"You were wrong, Carlos. The beast ran riot in you. Never again, must that happen. She is not for you, as you can see. You must put her behind you. You must play the honorable man and let her go home, seeing to her future in such a way that she does not know it."

He was working this out in his mind, planning how it might be done, when dawn sprang up in the east to dazzle his tired eyes, that brilliant dawn of the tropics which seems to chase night into oblivion for a while. And when he went in later to Adora she was awake.

She looked up at him shyly, anxiously, aware that he looked haggard and ill as he bent over her to unwind the bandage from her ankle and examine the wound. He seemed satisfied with it and smiled at her.

"There is less swelling than I had hoped. The danger is now well past, but it would be wise not to use the ankle too much today. I will replace the herb and rebandage you and then fetch you breakfast. The native servants have just begun to arrive, but this morning I will attend to you myself."

Quietly and tenderly he rebound the ankle and turned to leave her, when she stretched out a hand to detain him.

"Carlos . . ." She looked up at him pleadingly. "I owe my life to you!"

"No . . ." He shook his head. "I was the cause of what happened. If anything, I owe to you the fact that Carlos de Valesquinez remembered he came of an honorable race. I want you to understand this, Adora. So long as you still remain in this house you need fear nothing from me. I hold you sacred and—as soon as it is possible—your wish to return to your own country shall be fulfilled."

And so where Delilah imagined she had failed, she had succeeded. Somehow, with that curious perversity so often a part of human life, success did not seem so wonderful when accomplished as when only desired. Adora heard that promise with no ela-

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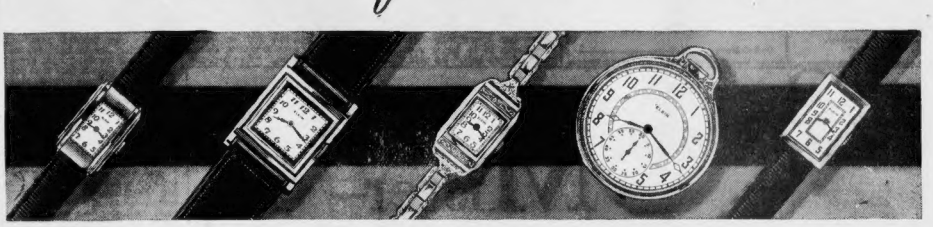

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Lava Love—by Inez Castello

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tion. England no longer seriously interested her.

It became in her mind merely a chill and not too happy way out of a serious difficulty, a means to bring an unconventional and compromising situation to an end. And now, secure from any fear that Carlos might harm her, Adora was not so very sure that she desired that situation to end. Her ankle its old self again in the days which followed each other placidly, life in the house of Carlos actually achieved in Adora's mind a kind of romantic glamor. Carlos himself seemed—in a way—a different person.

They never spoke of the past, of love or any such controversial topic. Their talk was of interesting things and they might have been brother and sister. The old feeling of friction was completely gone. In Adora quite a new respect for Carlos had arisen. He took her over his estate, on which hundreds of natives worked. He drove her out and about parts of the island she had never seen so far. He had a new and seemingly frank attitude towards her which once would have delighted her but now puzzled her.

The truth was that Adora was inwardly in conflict. She could not say that she loved Carlos at all. But the fact that—whatever he said—he had saved her life had made a great difference in her feelings towards him. Also that passionate scene on the veranda had changed her physical attitude towards him.

There were times in those passing days when they were together which made her feel that either she was deceiving herself or he was deceiving her. The complete change in his behavior towards her irritated her. Never did he allow himself to touch her if he could help it. In speaking to her he used now none of those endearing expressions which formerly had made her dislike him.

And now she missed them. She could not understand how a man who had treated her so passionately one night, had sworn to beat down her resistance to him, could alter so completely in his attitude towards her. The time came when she felt she must probe under the armor of reserve in which he had secreted himself. He had just come in from Sarzosa one evening, an anxious expression on his face, when her opportunity came.

"There is to be a vessel in port, Adora mia," he said, "the captain of which is an American and a great friend of mine. He arrives in about a week, and I shall be able to arrange with him for your passage to New York and thence on a liner to England. That, I am sure, is news which will please you?"

"I expect, Carlos, it will please you still more," she answered evasively. "You must be tired of having me about here."

"Tired? Oh, no. . . .On the contrary, cara mia, I shall miss you terribly. Still, it is necessary that you should go and I shall no doubt get over the missing in time."

"Carlos . . . I want to say something to you. . . ." Adora spoke with emotion. "I want to ask you something."

"Well, Adora mia. What is it?"

"Have you learnt to—to hate me?"

"Hate you?" He turned away his eyes, as lately he had been so much in the habit of doing. "Why, querida, should you think that?"

"Do you know, Carlos, that this is the first time in all these days since that awful night when I was bitten by the snake that you have called me 'cara' or 'querida'?"

"The words slipped out now quite by accident," he said in some confusion.

She leaned towards him.

"At the very moment when you are getting rid of me," she said. "And—supposing I do not wish to go?"

"You must go," he said emphatically. "There is no other course that I can see. And why should you now think of not going?"

"I do not know. Perhaps it is that I am unhappy about you. Remember, you did save my life. I can never forget it. Also, you did love me—terribly. Surely, that dreadful night cannot have quite killed that love?"

"Strangled it," he retorted. "Purposely strangled it. That had to be done if Carlos de Velasquinez was to be an honorable man. You did not love me in return. . . .

"Adora . . ." He stood suddenly before her with earnestly questioning eyes, a sudden gleam of hope in them. "You are not speaking like this to no purpose. What are you trying to tell me, darling of my heart? Has love at last dawned in you for me?"

"I do not know . . ."

She colored richly and lowered her eyes. Indeed she did not really know. She was only aware of a turbulent physical emotion, a wild feeling of his own creation in her, a panic in case he hurried her away before she knew her mind.

"Listen," she said. "I feel this way about it. I do like you much better now. I believe that you did love me. And you saved my life. Really, I belong to you by right on that account alone. It would be cruel of me to leave you if that love for me still existed in you. But lately you have been so distant to me, so far away—I wondered if I had killed it in you."

"Impossible. Don't you understand? What else could I do, loving you as I always must? I had to keep you at a distance. I had to try and strangle my feelings. What was the good of doing otherwise till you had gone? I did not want to hurt you any more, have never hurt I was myself inwardly——"

"Carlos . . . If that is the case, won't you let me stay here as your wife? Even if I do not love you now, it may come. And, because of my life which you saved——"

"You think, Adora loveliest, that I would take you on that account?" he demanded hotly. "Never! You come to me for love of me or never at all. I would far sooner lose you, for still I should have your memory sacred within me. But married to me on the mere plea of your debt to me, which really is no debt at all—no! That would not make for happiness."

"I did not quite mean that either, Carlos," she said, and moaned as she dropped her head, hiding her pretty face in trembling hands. "This love is a terrible thing. I cannot understand it. I don't feel it towards you. There is so much against it—my pride, my sense of right. But yet——"

"Querida, if indeed I may still use the term towards you," he said lifting her to her feet and kissing her hands, "there are at least seven days before that boat comes in. Perhaps even so short a time as seven days may suffice to tell you definitely if you do love me, and then—the boat may go without you. Meantime, I shall say nothing to urge or press you or to influence you. I want you to decide entirely for yourself."

And here the native servants brought in the evening meal, during which Carlos laughed and talked about incidents in Saranoa, and once was serious, suddenly mentioning the name of the Portuguese hotel keeper, da Costa.

"I am afraid that fellow has been using his tongue about you, in spite of my threat to him," said Carlos with a brow black as thunder. "I met him today and took opportunity to warn him, though he swears he kept his promise."

"And what makes you think he has not?" asked Adora, not seriously interested.

"Diego Vendos, chief of the police here, said he had heard I had a lady visitor up at my place. He was, of course, quite within his rights to raise the point. All strangers here are supposed to register for police purposes. Still I could not find out where Vendos got his information. However, I settled the matter with him and the trouble is at an end. He dare not quarrel with me. But it shows you what an awkward situation Diana created when she played her callous trick on you."

Callous, it had been, and cruel—so Adora had many times told herself. But tonight she was a little doubtful on the point. She found herself wondering if Diana had not indeed done her a far better turn than she knew at the time. At least, whatever else happened, Diana had taught Adora that life held other things than luxurious pleasure-seeking. It had taught her, too, that selfishness and a desire for wealth did not bring real happiness.

Thinking back, Adora was not a little shocked to realize that her own plans while on the Sea-Spray were to use her social position with Diana as a means of securing a rich husband. A rich husband. Not, Adora reminded herself, a husband with whom she was in love. And yet, here in the case of Carlos, she had persistently repelled him because she said she did not love him.

Did she not? Adora, sitting with him in the moonlight later that night, studied him furtively and pondered fiercely in her mind. She saw him in a new light. The strength and uprightness of him. His smooth skin, which made the caressing touch of his hands so delightfully thrilling. The dark, rebellious curls, through which suddenly her fingers longed to stroke their ardent way. The firm but tender mouth with its suggestion of passion. The ivory white column of throat and the broadening of his chest where the soft silken shirt flapped open.

Adora withdrew her eyes from the temptation of these things, now violently confronting her. Why had they begun to appear to her? Adora closed her eyes, trying to harden her heart and steel herself against the sensations which were sweeping over her. She felt that she might indeed be in love with him, but if that were so, she could not yet admit it. She must control herself, must make the recognition of it to him a gradual affair.

Fortunately at this moment, on a note of banter, Carlos suggested that it was time for bed. Otherwise, perhaps in her growing physical weakness, she must have called aloud to him to take her in his arms, so intense was the physical torture which was assailing her. She controlled herself, however, laughing up at Carlos gaily as he took her small hands and lifted her to her feet.

"Good-night, little one!" He pressed his lips reverently to her slim fingers and let them fall, drawing himself away from her a step or two, and adding: "I shall sit here for a little while still with matters to think over concerning my estate. Sweet dreams, most beautiful. And perhaps one little place in them, if only for one moment, may be given to Carlos."

One little place! Adora, locked into her room, stared at her own reflection in the mirror. It was not so much at her own magical and vivid beauty that she stared as at the strange light in her eyes. There was something about it which was startlingly spiritual, intensely vital as well. The color in her dimpling cheeks came and went. Her breasts rose and fell under the blue georgette.

"Adora Vernon . . . ." she addressed herself, marshaling all her pride in armed conflict against this oncoming physical and mental surrender of hers. " . . . you must be mad. You are being ridiculously weak. In these seven days and nights you must fight that weakness. You are still mistress of yourself . . ."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Recipes That Are a Little Different

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Emergency Sally Lunn.

BEAT 2 eggs until light and add ¼ cup sugar. Continue beating until creamy. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 1 cup milk to the mixture. Add 3 tablespoons melted shortening and bake in a large pan in a hot oven.

Veal Loaf.

GRIND 2½ pounds lean, tender, raw veal and ½ pound fat salt pork through food chopper. Beat 2 egg yolks and combine with meat. Add 2 chopped canned pimientoes, 6 tablespoons cracker crumbs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel, a few grains celery salt, 1 teaspoon powdered thyme, ½ cup cream, 2 teaspoons salt, a few grains pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Mix well and shape into a loaf. Place on two slices of thin salt pork in a baking dish. Lay a thin slice of salt pork on top and bake in a moderate oven. Chill and slice thin. Arrange on meat platter and garnish the platter with thinly sliced cucumber, tomatoes and sprigs of crisp watercress or parsley.

Fried Stuffed Eggs.

REMOVE shells from 8 hard cooked eggs. Cut eggs in halves lengthwise. Press yolks through a sieve, adding 3 or 4 pounded anchovies, ¼ cup soft bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with cream. Refill cavities with this mixture. Press halves together. Mix 1 raw egg with 2 tablespoons water. Dip egg in fine bread crumbs, then in the diluted egg and again in the crumbs. Fry in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve with Sauce Tartare.

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How to Plan a Fresh Berry Pie in May

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

STRAWBERRIES, huckleberries, gooseberries—its now the open season for the open-faced berry pie. And since it is a season of but a few weeks, the home manager should offer its many delights to her family. For there is perhaps no more luscious, toothsome dainty on the menu than the combination of flaky pastry with flavorful fresh fruits.

What makes a successful pie, the pie you love to crunch? The crust, of course. And here's where the first secret of good pastry making comes in, the right flour should be used. For while general all-baking flour is fairly satisfactory, it has too much gluten (and thus stickiness) to make the daintiest crusts. Hence the particular housewife will select cake flour or soft wheat pastry flour for this special purpose.

The next point is the selection of the shortening, and here experts, like doctors, entirely disagree. Some cooks evolve the perfect crust with all butter, with half butter and half neutral shortening, and still others show their skill in chicken fat, or liquid edible oils. But we can say, in general, that pastry made with liquid fats has a crumbly texture, while that made with any form of hard shortening is light and flaky. And this hard shortening may be butter or any other form of animal or vegetable fat.

Now for the conditions of work. Every woman knows that ingredients must be cold, and this means really chill. The best pastry has always remained on the ice several hours or even overnight. The water or liquid used for blending should similarly be iced.

Perhaps the chief knack in making crust is the blending or handling, or, rather, the lack of it. For, as Lady Macbeth said on an entirely different occasion, "If it must be done, let it be done quickly." The lightest feather touch, the least time in tossing the ingredients together means the more flaky product. It is for this reason that all recipes begin: "sift flour, baking powder and salt." This sifting, even to the fourth time, brings air between the flour particles and assures that they are evenly blended with seasoning and the baking powder or rising agent if it is used.

One term of the pastry technique is called "cutting in the fat." Here again experts differ. But most seem agreed to use a flat case-knife or one of the new little pastry blenders which looks like a handle of curved wires which the user may chop up and down into the paste. The whole object is to do the job so quickly that no stickiness or doughy quality shall appear.

While we suppose a recipe to be accurate, the user must be cautious in tipping in the amount of liquid called for. The idea is to just add enough chilled water, tablespoon by tablespoon, to hold the paste together and no more. If there is too much water the crust will be hard and tough.

Rolling out the pastry is another kink not always easy to master, although once acquired it is as simple as walking. With the lightest pressure, and that more in the center than on the edges, roll paste on a lightly floured board to a thickness of one-eighth of an inch. Make the paste considerably larger in circumference than the tin you intend to cover.

Line the pie tin loosely with this paste; then fold back the edge, pull it to an upright position and then flute or crimp this double fold to make a firm edge all around, using the fingers with a weaving motion. Press the thumb of the edge of the pie tin so the crust will adhere well. With a fork, lightly prick the paste shell on the bottom to help the escape of steam during baking.

And now for the baking, because proper baking is a crucial point in making delicately browned and also digestible and wholesome pastry. In every recipe the instructions read usually: "Bake in a hot oven." Technically this means an oven registering 400 degree F., held between 10 and 12 minutes. That is for the empty shell itself. The pastry should be a very light golden brown, and never overbaked.

In this condition we have what is known as a pie shell or pastry. It is now ready for the filling. This filling should have been prepared some time in advance if it required cooking, in order that the fruits or other filling would have had time to become cool. Because only a cooled filling should be poured into the baked shell, ready for its final topping of lattice crusts or meringue. If the filling is a custard, then the pastry is always thus pre-baked before filling in, as that the custard will not seep into the under crust and become soggy.

Most berry mixtures require a light sweetening of the cleaned and cut fruit, or a little stewing. Often the least attractive boxes of berries used for other purposes can be stewed up and used for economical pie filling. Strawberries and blackberries, if ripe, require only heavy sweetening before being put into the shell. The uncooked fruits are best topped with sweetened whipped cream while cooked fruits require the baked meringue.

And just a word about this last glorification of the berry pie. Why do meringues ever become liquid and run instead of standing up in a beautiful ornamental pattern? There are several causes. You may not have beaten the eggs hard enough to enclose enough air; or you may have folded in the powdered sugar too quickly and too unevenly; or a common cause of their failing is an overly hot oven. All meringues, even those most delicious desserts which are split open and filled with flavored creams, must be baked in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes.

Anyone having traveled or eaten in England is impressed with the deliciousness of what they call a deep-dish pie. And for berries, and stewed fruits especially, there is much to recommend this particular type of pastry in which there is no bottom crust. Any fairly shallow glass casserole or baking dish may be used. Make pastry and line edges or sides of dish only. Pour in prepared filling and cover with crust. This is particularly suitable to rhubarb pie and other juicy berry pies where the juice is bound to soak into the lower crust.

Tarts are small pies and may be made in special tart tins with fluted edges, or in the regular muffin pans, or shaped with a round cutter, and their rims fluted up by hand. If they have tiny strips of lattice paste across the top, they will have a gay, dressy look. Both huckleberry and raspberry tarts, with a garnish of whipped cream, are delicious additions to the Summer tea or porch party.

I must not forget to mention that practically all very juicy fruits require some flour to bind their juice before using as filling. Also some of the excess juice should be removed and may serve as a beverage. Again, here is where the proverbial "pinch of salt" makes fruits for filling more flavorful. Gooseberries, or as the Scotch call them "Grosearts," when stewed, make one of the richest flavored pies or tarts. Cherry, of course, is perhaps the chief favorite, owing to its subtly tart and almond flavored fruit. Plan a berry pie in May.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Steamed Prunes, Whole Wheat Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Toast, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Corn Meal Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Strawberries, Oatmeal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	Pineapple, Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Cold Steamed Rice with Fruit Sauce, Potatoes and Sliced Tomatoes, Coffee.	Berries or Cherries, Creamed Shad Roe, Corn Muffins, Radishes, Coffee.	Melons, Popovers, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Asparagus Puree, Cream Cheese, Apple Jelly, Raisin Bread, Tea.	Spinach Omelet, Cream Sauce, Baking Powder Tea Biscuits. Cocoa.	Stuffed Baked Potatoes with Cheese, Asparagus, Muffins, Rice Pudding with Raisins, Tea.	Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake.	Onion Farci, Rolls, Fruit Roll with Favorite Sauce.	Vegetable Salad, Brown Bread, Cream Cheese, Jelly, Iced Tea.	Roast Stuffed Leg of Veal, Browned Potato Puff, Mexican Corn Custard, Creamed Chives, Ice-Box Cake.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
English Mutton Chops, Potatoes, Beet Greens, Strawberry Tarts.	Savory Veal, Creamed Celery, Buttered Noodles, Pineapple Salad, Crackers.	Fricassee of Duck, Potatoes, Green Peas, Spiced Beets, Ice Cream, Gold Cake.	Creamed Left-Over Duck and Mushrooms in Macaroni Border, Buttered Green Vegetables, Pickles, Jellied Rhubarb, Mock Angel Cake.	Kernels of Lamb with Currant Mint Sauce, Riced Potatoes, Green Peppers Stuffed with Corn, Cantaloupe.	Fricandeau of Liver, Paprika Potatoes or Spaghetti, Spinach, Apple Pie.	Savory Sandwiches, Cress Sandwiches, Lemon Sherbet, Delicate Cake.

American Weekly Patterns

A PRETTY MODEL (6801). Designed in 8 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress for an 18-year size will require 3½ yards of 39-inch material.

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GIRL'S DRESS (7155). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size requires 2⅝ yards of material 39 inches wide. For contrasting material, ⅝ yard 32 inches wide will be required.

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Stupid Health Fads

WARNING against unwholesome fads and practices relating to health was broadcast recently by Dr. William Gerry Morgan, president of the American Medical Association, in an address before the American Bakers' Association.

"There is little doubt that the number of individuals who believe that this or that particular type of food or diet is necessary to good health overshadows all other types of faddists put together," said Dr. Morgan. And of all food faddists, those who eat irritating and indigestible foods to relieve constipation commit the greatest sin, he declared, for these foods may ultimately set up areas of local irritation that develop into serious disorders.

Dr. Morgan then considered the use of bread. Certain faddists point out that vitamins B and G are lost in the milling process by which white flour is made.

This is undoubtedly true, but as bread is usually eaten with butter and other foods that supply the missing vitamins, the deficiency is not a serious matter. In addition, the nutritive value of white bread has been much improved through the use of larger quantities of milk.

A recent fad is one that advises us to give no thought to what we eat or the manner of its preparation, being guided entirely by the appetite. Dr. Morgan labeled this an unsound doctrine and cited as an illustration the decay of teeth of children who are permitted to eat candies and other sweets to excess.

Exercise faddists were condemned in no uncertain terms by Dr. Morgan. Exercise of mind as well as body is necessary for preservation of health, he mention, but intemperance of exertion is productive of great harm, he warned. The effects of this sort of intemperance are often not apparent at the moment, but weaknesses are developed that show up later in life. This effect is noticed especially in causing weakness of the heart muscle. It is particularly unwise for a person in the middle decades of life to overexercise.

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